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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Remarkable Remark

DR. ELWOOD C. NANCE is president of the University of Tampa and a former Army chaplain. He is also this year's winner of the CRESSET award for goofy utterances.

Dr. Nance's prize-winning utterance was an exhortation to ministers to tell their congregations that it is "better to be a live sinner than a dead saint. I believe that we should have total preparedness based on the laws of the jungle, that everyone should learn every art and science of killing. . . . I would approve bacteriological warfare, gas, atom and/or hydrogen bombs, intercontinental rockets, and so forth."

Two comments strike us as pertinent.

1. It is the mark of the amateur to carry the professionalism of the professional to absurd lengths. No real honest-to-John military man would ever be likely to let out such a blood-curdling war whoop. It would take an amateur soldier to do that. The professionals have enough sense to know that force of arms is not the ultimate force.

2. Since Dr. Nance is obviously in total disagreement with his Master, it would seem the decent thing for him to sever any official connections he may have with the Master's service. The so great a cloud of witnesses that surrounds the Christian in the twentieth century are unanimously agreed that it is infinitely better to be a dead saint than a live sinner, the measure of distance being as great as that which separates the bliss of the beatific vision from the tortures of hell.

As we predicted last month, war will bring with it the temptation to convert the holy catholic church into an American Shintoistic society. Dr. Nance's statement fits right into that prediction. We deplore it as treason to our Lord and a profound disservice to our country.

The Christian Soldier

BUT in deploring Dr. Nance's statement, we feel obligated to express as well as we can our feelings concerning the role of the man of God as a man of war.

We cannot agree with those who maintain that the man of God must be a pacifist, much as we respect the obvious sincerity and earnestness of many who maintain that position. Like it or not, in the time of this life the Christian is a citizen of two worlds and he has obligations toward both. His choice is never between absolute right and absolute wrong but between differing degrees (humanly speaking) of evil. He is, therefore, under a compulsion to choose, deliberately and with the full knowledge that either choice will be "wrong," in the absolute sense of the term.

We believe that there are "wronger" things than war. There is the wrong of standing by while the strong perpetrate an obvious injustice upon the weak. There is the wrong of wishing to be an island of self-content when the rest of mankind is in the agony of death. There are the wrongs of pride and covetousness and lust and anger and gluttony and envy and sloth, any one of which is as damning to the soul and as pernicious in human society as the legalized murder which men call war.

The man of God may, therefore, (and at times must) function as a man of war. And in that function he fights well and hard. But he fights with the understanding that his fighting is an evil which he has accepted in preference to a greater evil and he finds in the all-sufficiency of his Savior's merit an atonement for his evil. And beyond all that, he fights without hatred of those whom circumstances have made the object of his fighting and with the hope that both he and those whom he fights will benefit from the fruits of victory.

Admittedly, this sounds like a rationalization. Admittedly also, this point of view must be submitted to the judgment of God, in Whose eyes it may be altogether false. But until He gives us greater wisdom, this is as near as we can come to answering the question which troubles us, as it

must many in our time, more than any other immediate question.

Good and Faithful Servant

BACK in the days when we were still a high-school student, we became fascinated by a short, boyish-faced little man whose picture we came across in a magazine over the magnificent caption, The Rt. Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada. We were so intrigued by the name that we began an intensive study of the man which led to an admiration which no other public figure of our time has evoked from us.

There is a current novel titled "No Trumpet Before Him." It is too bad that the title has already been appropriated because it would make an excellent title for a biography of King. For the little P.M., who died a few weeks ago as silently as he had lived, did his great work for Canada and the world as quietly as water eroding granite, and quite as effectively. To Canada he gave such good government that his political opposition found it next to impossible to work up any real election issues. More than that, he led Canadians to a sense of unity which must be considered truly remarkable in the light of the profound ethnic and cultural divisions within the country. To the councils of world statesmanship, he brought the wisdom of a good man and a sincere love of peace.

And the strange thing about it all is that he served longer as prime minister than had any of his counterparts in the British commonwealth although his naturally retiring nature made him incapable of winning great popular affection. What was it, then, that he had? He had, first of all, integrity, a stubborn honesty that would not compromise on fundamentals. Along with that, he had an uncanny ability to interpret the thinking of his people and the professional politician's knack for knowing just how far he could go at any given moment. Added to that was the kind of genuine respect for other people's thinking that allowed him to compromise in non-essentials.

And beyond all of that, he was a Christian gentleman, a scholarly Presbyterian bachelor who was capable of single-minded devotion to his God, his king, and his country. His passing brought hearty "Well dones" from both his king and his country. If we may judge a man's faith by his works, we may trust that his God, also, has said, "Well done!"

The Problem of the City

PRELIMINARY census reports indicate that the movement of people from large cities into suburban areas is continuing, and at an accelerated pace, despite the continued growth of the cities themselves. The implications of that movement have furnished materials for numerous sociological studies and the findings of such studies give reason for genuine concern.

It is, by now, much too late to debate the relative merits of an urban society over against a rural society. Whatever the merits of the two, we are an urban society and in the future are likely to become increasingly so. And yet we have been consistently unwilling to accept the city as a natural and desirable part of the American scene. For most of us, it is still a monster, useful enough in its own way and probably necessary, but a monster nevertheless, something to be escaped from if one is in a position to escape it.

And it may be that the modern city is a monster of noise and dirt and crowding and crime. If it is, a large share of the blame must be laid squarely upon the shoulders of the "good family people" who have demanded the use of all of the city's facilities without offering any return by way of interest in the city's problems or tax-support for the city treasury. In its essence, the growth of suburbia has been a tribute to the selfishness and lack of social-consciousness of the "good people" who found it more comfortable to escape than to stay on and help the city meet its problems.

Fortunately, there are still some who see the large city, not as an ugly monster but as a challenging and exciting social organism. And while they might be willing to grant that it is, for the moment, a sick organism, they feel that it can still be remade into an eminently desirable environment for man. Certainly they have many arguments in their favor. It is largely economics that stands against them and economics will continue to stand against them so long as the city must continue to be an organism which is consistently bled by its suburban parasites.

A Dissenter Dissents

IN VIEW of actions recently taken by the national committee of the Progressive party and the various state committees, I am convinced that I can more effectively serve the cause of peace by resigning from the national committee and the executive committee of the Progressive party.

You will, therefore, take this letter as my formal resignation from the party."

When Henry A. Wallace wrote this brief note a few weeks ago, many commentators were quick to seize upon it as evidence that the war was bringing a few nuts to their senses. Such an explanation, it seems to us, is altogether too glib and could come only from men who had never dared to dream of a better world than the shabby, cynical world we have been trying to hold together for so many years now.

As it happens, we have disagreed with Mr. Wallace many more times than we have agreed with him on practical questions. But we have felt a strong affinity for his basic ideals and often we have regretted that he adopted such strange means to further his ends. The Progressive party, for instance, was a farce from the start and Mr. Wallace was shamefully used by men who, at their extreme, were just as cynical and blind as were the cynical and blind men whom Mr. Wallace was fighting at the other extreme.

Perhaps Mr. Wallace's fate was the inevitable fate of the idealist in politics. He was so anxious to be on the side of the angels that he was all too ready to fasten wings onto anyone who professed agreement with him. And quite a few of those angels looked deucedly out of place with harps in their hands.

We don't think that Mr. Wallace's resignation from the Progressive party indicates at all that he has modified his basic principles or that he has given up the struggle to bring a little idealism and decency into world affairs. We think that he will continue to fight, wherever the opportunity presents itself, for a positive approach to human problems and that he will continue to protest against the blindness and cynicism of those who see brute force as the ultimate rationale and brute appetites as the ultimate motivation for human action. How effective he will be in that fight will depend to a considerable extent upon whether he can learn to be a little more perceptive in judging men and a little more reluctant to embrace causes which have fishy undertones.

Another "Modest Proposal"

WE WEREN'T able to make the President's conference on the problems of the aged but we followed the proceedings with considerable interest. In the past, our method of dealing with old folks has been very simple and very effective. Shunt them out of sight, into old folks' homes or onto benches on the courthouse

lawn. Or, where there was still some consciousness of responsibility, send them around from one child to another so that "everybody can do his part and nobody will have to carry the whole load." It is hard to say which method was the more cruel. And to the old folks either method was simply evidence of the fact which they had known all along, that our youth-obsessed society had no place for the person who was no longer young.

But now the time has come when we can no longer overlook the fact that a very high percentage of our population is old and that the percentage will become higher in the years to come. Here again, incidentally, we have an example of the strange workings of modern man. For years man has been working feverishly to prolong life. And only now, now that he has achieved a fair measure of success in his project, is he beginning to ask why life should be prolonged at all. But better late than never.

Several centuries ago, the British Isles were faced with a similar problem at the other end of the life scale. There were too many babies being born. It was then that Jonathan Swift advanced his "Modest Proposal" for the solution of the problem. He suggested that the little spratlings be eaten. Such a proposal would hardly solve the problem of the aged because in most cases they would be far too tough to eat and, besides, are in such large supply that we would simply be opening up another commodity market that would ultimately demand government price supports.

Our proposal is that we junk the United Nations, that we resolutely set our face against any suggestion of mediation or solution in the present world conflict. In the natural course of events, there should ensue a war in which virtually the whole youthful population of the world will be wiped out. Already we have made a good start. Depending upon whether we measure age by distance from birth or from the grave, a man of twenty-five may be older (in the sense of distance from the grave) than a man of seventy. Thus by disposing of the elderly youths we shall have unlimited opportunities for the youthful aged.

This solution, as far as we know, is original with us but we offer it freely as a contribution to the problem. And we hope that, in return, someone will come up with an idea for finding a place in our world and a little hope for the 18-40 age group which has for the past twelve years, to borrow a colloquialism, "had one foot in the grave and another on a banana peel."

Reflections on Hoarding

WE WERE all tensed up to unwind against the hoarders this month but before we could get into print hoarding had ceased to be any considerable problem and the problem seems to have been licked by two things: first, and probably most important, we have such an abundance of almost everything that we need that there is little point to worrying yet about shortages; but secondly, and this made us very happy, the people generally were still sufficiently riled up at the spectacle of hogging in the last war that they were in no mood to see the same thing happen again.

But the mood of the people may change if producers continue to jack up prices as they have been doing ever since the trouble in Korea started. It is not often that we blow our top any more, largely because it seems to do little good, but we came very close to it the other day when we bought our heir apparent an ice-cream bar and found that the price had gone up to six cents. Perhaps we suffer from a too-fertile imagination but we seemed to hear some ice-cream tycoon booming, "Hot dog! We can squeeze another penny out of the suckers."

Just a few days before that incident, one of our friends laid claim to being the first customer of 1950 to get the old World War II raspberry from a clerk: "Don't you know there's a war on?" (Incidentally, the answer is "Yes." Her husband, an officer in the last war, is wondering when he will be called for this one.)

Hoarding, then, is one side—and a very ugly side—of the picture. But on the other side is the producer whose hungry grab for the extra penny or the extra nickel or the extra dime turns even honest people to hoarding. And there is one more side that cannot escape notice. That is the government, rightly called by numerous commentators "the greatest hoarder of them all." For the government, in times such as this, to continue buying up produce in order to maintain artificially high price levels is more than stupid. It is immoral

Dawn in Europe?

WE WERE reading an account of the Strasbourg conferences the other day and one of the things that struck us most forcibly was that the leaders of the conferences are the great men of modern Europe, the fighting statesmen who fought Hitler when it seemed the part of prudence not to fight and who, in their estimate of the international sit-

uation since the war, have displayed an almost astonishing record of accuracy.

Strangely enough, none of these great men are, at the moment, the political heads of their countries. Churchill and Spaak are leaders of the opposition in Britain and Belgium. Bidault lasted only a short time as premier of France. In all three cases, these men are out of line with current thinking in their countries on domestic problems. And yet all of the evidence indicates that they reflect, better than the leaders of their governments, the hopes and wishes of the peoples of Europe in international affairs.

And it becomes increasingly evident that the people of western Europe are ready to give up the foolishness of unlimited national sovereignty with its train of economic strangulation and periodic war. There is a general desire for some degree of unity, although there is still considerable disagreement as to the extent of that unity.

Churchill and Spaak and Bidault, a generation ahead of the second-rate men who are the official spokesmen of their countries, have articulated that desire, that hope, at Strasbourg. The fact that they have done so in 1950 makes it possible and even probable that some kind of unified Europe will be a reality in 1975. The only question that remains now is whether Europe can afford 25 years to catch up with the thinking of its leaders.

Moral Numbness

Two things happened at about the same time several weeks ago and public reaction to the two points up, it seems to us, the frightful numbness that has come over our moral consciousness.

The first event was the ill-considered blast by the President at the Marine Corps. Aside from any questions of the accuracy of the President's statement, he simply should have had more sense than to snap the bullwhip at one of the nation's tutelary deities. Whether the storm of criticism that boiled up after his remarks was proportional to the gravity of his error is, of course, a matter of judgment. At any rate, there was considerable to be said in extenuation of the President, even by those who were offended by his remarks.

The second event was the charge by a senator from Kansas that the Secretary of the Interior, by virtue of previous associations with Communist "front" organizations, is politically suspect and constitutes a danger to the security of the nation. This charge, it

should be noted, was not made by a man whose nerves are frayed by long hours of directing the diplomatic and military policy of the United States but by a man who, when asked to pose with the man he accused of supporting the Communist cause, broke into a big smile and was all set to give the cameras a workout.

The senator's charge, naturally, was front-page stuff. The subsequent action of the Republican senate policy committee in refusing to have anything to do with the business made page two or three, depending on the volume of ads. And the rest, as W. Shakespeare would say, is silence.

And how much popular indignation was aroused by this unsupported charge that the Secretary of the Interior is, if not disloyal, at least of doubtful loyalty to his country? About as much as a near-sighted umpire might arouse by an unpopular decision in an American Association ballpark on a cool Tuesday afternoon. Oscar Chapman is, of course, a government official. It is therefore permissible, under the political morality of 1950, to submit him to any vilification that might rate space on page one. Even those who would defend him must be careful because their answers are not protected by Congressional immunity. And, of course, the busy head of a large government department simply can't afford the time to engage in a wrangle with an accuser whose job permits him whatever amount of free time he chooses to take. So he grits his teeth and wonders whether it might not be a good idea to get back to private business where the salary would be several times his government salary and the working conditions infinitely more desirable.

Respect for Civil Authority

AND there is another cause for concern that arises out of these very difficult responses to two situations. We hope we are wrong, but we seem to detect more and more clearly two distinct trends in the thinking of the American people. The first is a profound, almost blind, reverence for the military. When General MacArthur, who we consider probably the finest professional soldier this country has ever produced, shot his mouth off on a political issue that was not within his province, he found surprisingly many to defend him against the rebuke of his constitutional superior. When the President lambasted the Marines, he was forced to offer a public apology.

But civil authority, by contrast, is at a long-time low in popular

respect. No cabinet member is as universally liked and respected as is General Bradley. No member of Congress is admired as much as is Dr. (nee General) Dwight Eisenhower. The President himself does not command, in any circles, the almost fanatic loyalty that General MacArthur commands in fairly wide circles.

We cannot repeat too often that, of all of the systems of government, the democratic system is the least "natural." It runs counter to the nature of man to have to order his own affairs, to make his own decisions, and to work on an equal footing with his fellow men. What man naturally craves is authority. Despite all of the carping among the soldiers in the last war, a terrifyingly large number were happier in the service than they have ever been in civilian life. They had physical security, they had closely delimited duties, and they had the strong hand of authority directing their every movement.

The loss of respect for and confidence in civil government reflects the namby-pamby weakness of a generation which has been reared by soft parents, educated in soft schools, and nursed from cradle to grave by a paternalistic government. Our first job—before we build more tanks and launch more ships and split more atoms —is to grow up, to learn the self-discipline which makes democratic civil government possible. Along with that, we must learn that the government of a nation is adult business, not a game for overgrown moral adolescents. Now, as in the earliest days of the republic, the ideals in which we believe demand the pledge of our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor—and not the least of these is our sacred honor.

McCarthy Should Resign

And speaking of sacred honor, we are still waiting for Senator Joseph McCarthy to redeem the pledge he made to resign from the Senate if his charges relative to various numbers of Communists in the State Department should not stick. The latest information we have is that none of his charges have stuck but that he is still in the Senate.

It is essential that the Senator resign because his presence in the Senate reflects upon that body as a whole and upon the numerous able and devoted senators who need our respect and support in these difficult times. The accuracy or inaccuracy of his charges is, at the moment, a secondary matter. His method of stating them, his cowardly resort to senatorial immunity, the judgment of his

own state bar association, and the serious doubts that have been raised as to his integrity in financial matters have raised serious misgivings concerning his fitness to remain in the Senate. Our demand is not based upon a moral judgment, which we are not competent to make, but upon the evident irresponsibility of the man, a weakness which is almost painfully apparent.

And if the Senator fails to resign, it seems to us that the Senate faces the unpleasant moral duty of impeaching him.

"It is useless to grieve for what might have been had our ancestors been wiser and fairer in their treatment of the Indian. One cannot but remember, however, that William Penn's famous treaty of brotherhood and justice kept his Quakers safe and at peace for seventy years while savage border warfare raged on all sides of them. Had our other colonial leaders been equally wise, humane and fair-minded, perhaps they could have worked out a plan by which the original Americans might have remained among the newcomers as helpful neighbors, with much to contribute as well as to gain. Had ultimate separation become necessary, it could then have been achieved by mutual agreement on friendly terms, and with a minimum of the tragedy and heartbreak with which it was finally enforced."

Robert B. Eleazer in *Reason, Religion, and Race*
(Abingdon-Cokesbury Press)

The PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

High Requiem

LATE last night I wandered down to the office in the hope of clearing away some letters which had accumulated for several days. . . . During the hours of daylight it is almost impossible to do some of the things which must be done before another sunrise. . . . When I arrived at the office, there was the usual collection of letters concerning conferences and meetings—letters from students asking for scholarships—letters from parents worried about the future of their sons and daughters—and so on. . . . Suddenly, however, I paused for a moment in the routine. . . . There was a little scrawled note from a friend and a battered clipping . . . in fact, there were two clippings. . . . The first was very factual. . . . It read like this: "The Rev. Louis H. Beto, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church in Lena, Illinois, for the past 31 years, passed away in a Freeport hospital Thursday afternoon." . . .

The second clipping was an editorial, apparently from the local paper at Lena, under date of August 3, 1950. . . . I shall reprint it in its entirety. . . .

A farm woman, doing the morning milking, wept when the cold voice of the newscaster on her barn radio brought the news that Reverend Beto had passed away. Mechanics in a Monroe garage where he usually bought and serviced his cars huddled over an afternoon paper, reading his obituary and commenting that "that preacher was a good egg." A shy maiden lady—a neighbor of a few years—came to the door of the parsonage with fruits and vegetables. When she was thanked, she quietly said: "We were strangers in town, and he was kind to us."

Louis Beto would have enjoyed his funeral had he been there. He was a gregarious soul; he loved people, and therefore delighted in crowds. Practically his entire congregation which he had shepherded so faithfully for thirty-one years was there. That friends had come hundreds of miles to be there, that his

passing brought a stack of telegrams to his desk, the closing of local business houses during the funeral, the strong note of joy in the sermon, the absence of special singers (he detested anything theatrical in a church service), the odd nicknames on the flower cards with which he had dubbed people, the several hundred dollars in memorial wreaths rather than flowers—all would have thrilled his great and good heart.

He went peacefully. Frequently during the week in which his strong body lay stricken he confessed his sins as well as his faith in that redeeming Christ whom he had preached so faithfully for over one-third of a century. It comforted him no end that his children could be at his side and that one of his boys could minister to him physically and another spiritually.

Now he's gone. His friends mourn his passing and his enemies—and he had them, but it is significant that they were usually shrivelled souls—are indifferent. However, the mourning of his friends is not without hope, for they know that today he occupies a chamber reserved for him in the palace of the Great King. Mary Dunn expressed it most beautifully: "We can understand how the old, the tired may be claimed by death, but when someone so useful, the center of a home and a field of service is snatched away—what can it mean except that God himself needs this dynamic personality at once for some special purpose."

I reached for the button on the desk lamp and turned it. . . . By a simple turning of the chair I could look out of the window. . . . The campus lay white and still under a high moon. . . . The sky was flecked with scudding clouds, and every few minutes darkness would come over the old elms before the Library. . . . The first sounds and touches of autumn were in the air . . . the lower, tired note of the cricket and a scattering of leaves on the campus lawn. . . . Upstairs a music student was laboring on Bach, but after a few moments he stopped, and I heard him come down the stairs on his way to—Korea perhaps? . . .

If I remember correctly, I met Pastor Beto only once. . . . I knew some of his children and had followed their careers with admiration and affection. . . . The father, however, seemed to be content to work quietly in a small Illinois town and seldom came to the attention of those of us who sit in meetings and offices. . . . But the editorial burned into my mind and soul. . . . Here was clearly the last reflection of a great life . . . a high requiem.

"We were strangers in town, and he was kind to us." . . . Can anything greater be said of a man anywhere at any time? . . . Perhaps this is a chance for me to say something about preachers. . . . I often write to preachers or for preachers, but I seldom write

anything about them. . . . Pastor Beto was just one of many thousands. . . . His place on earth was a great deal smaller than his place in heaven now is and will be forever. . . . He deserves a high requiem . . . and so do many others who in quiet and hidden corners of the earth bring grace and peace into the lives of the men and women whom they serve. . . . Modern literature has not been very kind to preachers. . . . Even the movies often present a caricature of the highest and greatest profession on this side of eternity. . . . Again and again I have squirmed when I have seen the utterly false and unreal portrayals of clergymen in the twentieth century novel. . . .

Perhaps I should confess that I like preachers. . . . You see I really have never been one in the fullest sense of the word. . . . By "preachers" I mean the men who conduct the hard and lonely work of translating and transforming human souls from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of light within the boundaries and limitations of the local parish. . . . They are and always have been the real spine and heart of the Church Militant. And so I always feel deeply regretful when I find that many in the twentieth century, even the average members of the Christian Church, are not even remotely aware of the tremendous difficulties and the shining glory of the tasks which these men do so quietly year after year as time moves toward the eternal. . . .

Many years ago on a cool Galilean evening a man said to a few fishermen, "As my Father hath sent Me, so send I you." . . . Once and for all time this sentence established the world's greatest line of work, of authority and responsibility. . . . It ran a straight line of purpose and work from God the Father, to God the Son, to the lowliest of His servants in the hidden corners of the earth. . . . There is no vagueness of purpose in the mission of the holy ministry. . . . Just as the Son of God Himself knew exactly what He wanted to do on this side of heaven, so all His servants have a clear, definite, and specific task . . . to do His will no matter what the cost or consequences . . . . or reward. . . .

Sometimes I think that we should look more closely and warmly at our preachers. . . . Their task, and their only task, is to proclaim Him to the hearts of men, to bring Him into the life of our world, to hold Him high before our sightless age. . . . In these days of scattered energies and loose purposes, of mistaking means for ends, of feverish concern for the immediate and the temporal, it will be well for us to

remember that some men have been set aside for this supreme purpose in life. . . . They are sent and driven men . . . they have no will of their own . . . they have no purposes but the purposes of God in Christ. . . .

Is this beginning to sound like a sermon? . . . It certainly is not meant to be that. . . . On this autumn evening I just wanted to say a small requiem for Pastor Beto—and a word about preachers. . . . And is there not in such an editorial as the one about Pastor Beto evidence of the fact that there is a glory in their work which is not of earth or time? . . . the glory of a life spent wholly in the service of God, that looks for no human reward and assuredly does not get it . . . the glory of great burdens of mind and soul in themselves and others borne steadily from hour to hour, and from day to day, and from year to year, laid moment by moment at the feet of Him whose messengers they are . . . the glory of going on and on against misunderstanding and indifference . . . the glory of giving Christ and themselves without counting the cost in a world that exists only to get . . . the glory of preaching and teaching the story of Him who was and is despised and rejected of men . . . and the glory, as Pastor Beto now knows, of finally coming home, His word on their lips and a few souls in their hands . . . to hear His "even so send I you" changed forever into "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. . . ."

All this Pastor Beto now knows very well. . . . I salute him from a much lower place. . . . I am sure that he would not want a high requiem, and perhaps the title of these paragraphs is not well chosen. . . . I am sure, however, that it does not matter now . . . that he is at home and at peace in the knowledge that in his veins and in his heart was the blood royal of a true servant of the living God. . . .

The World Comes to Dr. Sam

By Louis Baldwin

I first met Samuel B. Cooper, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., when I started teaching English at Mandel College, eight years ago. How long he had been there, in the Department of English, apparently nobody knew, but there was talk that, on two non-immortalized occasions, he had been a guest at the breakfast-table of Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was even then, in 1941, something of an antique, a venerable pedant who had collected information as a book collects dust, particle by tiny particle. He never had to open Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations,* except to make marginal emendations and additions – the date of Bulwer-Lytton, I remember, he dutifully changed from 1805 to 1803. He had become—perhaps he always was—a fussy little old bachelor scholar, master of the picayune, garrulous as a dowager fresh from an operation, almost always oblivious of his surroundings, and so absent-minded that he walked about for two days one spring in a pair of rubbers on which a student had painted two large pink feet; but he was always kind and generous, so that, though his unquenchable monologues generally made us avoid him like a buzz-saw on the loose, everyone liked him, at least beyond hearing range.

I left Mandel in 1945 for a somewhat better opportunity at a university in Chicago, and lost track of Dr. Sam. In May of 1948, however, I received an invitation to conduct a Boswell-Johnson seminar at Mandel during the summer months, and, anxious to see my old friends again and to enjoy the exhilarating pleasure of a New England summer, I accepted with perhaps more alacrity than dignity. And, increasing the pleasure of the prospect, a wire arrived a week later from an old friend and colleague, Jim Belson, insisting that I stay with him and his wife,

Betty. At least, the wire seemed to have an insistent tone.

When I arrived, on a sharply beautiful, deliciously cool June morning, Jim was waiting for me at the station. After overwhelming each other with vigorous cordiality, we loaded my bags into his car and started toward Mandel. The conversation was eagerly desultory: living in the same place? – no, we bought a little house a couple of blocks from Brabant Hall–how's Betty?–fine, just fine, anxious to see you–what are you teaching?–American survey course, composition, and Elizabethan drama – and so on. Just before we got to the house, Jim asked, "By the way, Doug, do you remember old Dr. Sam?"

"Are you kidding?" I replied. "He haunts me every time I come to the second comma in the fourth act of *Hamlet*. How is he?"

"Oh, he's fine. Same as ever. He wants the three of us to come to dinner Saturday night." I was silent for a long moment. "Well, you needn't be so wildly enthusiastic."

"I was trying to remember my last dinner there," I answered. "He cooked it, and I seem to recall having chocolate marshmallow cookies with the spinach and onion sauce on the ice cream. I'm not as young as I used to be, and I'm not sure I could take it."

"All kidding aside, Doug," said Jim, "I think we ought to go. He'd be hurt if you refused, I'm sure."

"Okay," I agreed. "But you'd better have Betty pack a lunch, just in case. And perhaps a stomach pump would come in handy. And some ear plugs."

At this point, Jim pulled up before his place, and the discussion was dropped.

The invitation was for seven, and we arrived at a polite twelve after. Dr. Sam opened the door with an apron tied around his middle. "Come right in, James, Elizabeth–and Douglas. Ah, welcome Douglas. It is indeed a pleasure to greet the native returned. Enter thou the portals and the gates–"

"Hello, Dr. Sam," I interrupted. "It was good of you to invite us. How have you been?"

"Healthy, Douglas – rich in health, if not in wealth and wisdom. As Carlyle said, 'Blessed is the healthy nature. It is the coherent, sweetly–' "

"That's right, Dr. Sam," I countered. "But didn't Plutarch say that medicine produces health? I hope that–"

"No, Douglas, no, though perhaps that interpretation could be inferred from what he actually wrote, which was that–Oh, Elizabeth, I'm so sorry. Let me take

your coat." He turned to a hall closet and hung the coat on a hanger. "And James? Oh, you and Douglas are not wearing coats. Well, now you all go into the parlor and I'll—"

The telephone in the hall interrupted him this time before I could. As he picked it up, the three of us walked into the "parlor" and sat down, rather heavily. We made no effort to talk. Dr. Sam had never grown fully accustomed to the telephone, and he still spoke over it as though he were calling to a friend across the Chicago Stadium during a hockey game.

"Yes, yes," we heard him cry, "this is Dr. Cooper speaking. . . . Yes, I expect to be home all evening. I'm having some friends. . . . Very well. I don't understand, but call again if you like. . . . Good-bye."

He trundled by us murmuring, "Now you just make yourselves comfortable, and I'll have dinner prepared in a moment," and disappeared into the kitchen.

I looked at Betty. "Don't you think you ought to go out and keep the tomato soup out of the pear salad?" I asked.

"No, Doug. He defends his culinary privacy like a she-wolf defending her young. It's downright dangerous."

"Trial by combat as well as ordeal," Jim broke in. "Brace yourself, Doug; all will be well."

Somehow, I remember, we got into a discussion entertaining enough to distract us until Dr. Sam re-entered the room, and, bowing from the waist, announced that "the groaning table awaited us within." After struggling to our feet, we followed him into the dining-room, hoping that the table had no more than the usual reason for groaning. We sat down, said grace—with the doctor leading, of course—and then the phone rang again.

"Oh, dear," said Dr. Sam. "You begin, please. I'll return immediately. Excuse me."

As he disappeared in the direction of the phone, Jim said to Betty, "He's certainly popular tonight." He looked at me. "This has never happened before. You remember. We used to wonder why he had a phone at all."

"Hello?" we heard him bawl into the phone. "Yes, this is Dr. Cooper. . . . Yes, Samuel B. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Why, yes, that is the last line of Thomas Gray's ode on Eton College. . . . I can. 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' . . . What? . . . What did you say? . . . But. . . . But please. . . . But I. . . . Very well. . . . Good-bye."

We heard him hang up the phone, and he soon reappeared

wearing a puzzled frown.

"Anything wrong, Dr. Sam?" asked Jim.

"No, James. Some man wished to know who said ''Tis folly to be wise.' He became very excited and quite unintelligible when I told him. He—"

"Dr. Sam," interrupted Betty, rather impetuously. "Did he mention anything about a mink coat?"

Dr. Sam blinked at her. "Why, yes, he did. How did you know?"

"And did he say something about Mad Scramble and thirty thousand dollars?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Sam, his eyes widening.

Betty turned to Jim, who simply said, "Good Lord!"

"What is all this?" I asked.

"It's that Mad Scramble quiz program on the radio," Jim responded. "Dr. Sam, you've just won thirty thousand dollars worth of prizes!"

It was quite clear that Dr. Sam didn't understand. In fact, it took us the rest of the evening, between phone calls from well-wishers and hucksters, to explain to him what had happened. We had to start from scratch, of course. That gadget Marconi invented—remember, Dr. Sam?—well, it isn't used just for distress signals any more. There's one in nearly every home now, and big sending stations present programs of entertainment. One kind of program offers prizes — often accumulated over several weeks—for answering the phone and giving such information as you gave tonight. And so on. At midnight, having given him as full a comprehension of his position as we could, we left exhausted.

I saw him quite frequently on campus during the next three months. Like everyone else, I always asked him about the prizes —which, I had learned, amounted to $31,500 and included a television - radio - phonograph, a red convertible, a refrigerator, a thousand cases of soup (24,000 cans), a mink coat, a trip to Bermuda for two, a lifetime supply of dog food (a dog's lifetime, presumably), a thirty - one - foot motor launch, a year's supply of cigarettes, and fifteen hundred pounds of powdered milk. For the first week or ten days he retained his old cordiality, but I soon began to notice that the questions irritated him. He was at the time working on a project to fix the date of Marston's play, "The Malcontent," and whoever asked him about the prizes soon found himself audience to a monologue on the London woman with a horn growing out of her forehead, a reference to whom in the play is apparently the subject of much heated scholarly controversy.

One evening, however, he phoned to ask Jim and me to come to his house. We went over and were shocked at what we found. The door opened, and there he stood, looking haggard and harried. Behind him stretched a long, irregular line of crates, boxes, and packages, giving the house an unfamiliar air of disorder.

"Hello, James, Douglas," he greeted us. "Thank you for coming."

"We were happy to come, Dr. Sam," replied Jim as we walked in. "And what have we here, as if I didn't know?"

"They represent the reason for my telephoning you this evening, James. Mrs. Beek, my housekeeper, tells me that these are from that radio program. She has marked the contents on each one. She also tells me that I shall have to pay several thousand dollars in income tax on them. When you explained this, er, phenomenon to me that night, I expected some minor annoyances, but now I am beginning to feel like—" He stopped, riffling through his memory.

"King Lear?" I suggested.

"Well—to an extent, yes."

I leaned over the first crate and peered at Mrs. Beek's scrawl: "Tel - rad - phon." Dr. Sam had never owned a radio, had never wanted one; this thing would be about as useful to him as a wooden leg. Behind it, on the floor, lay six or seven small packages. Jim was examining their postmarks.

"Cartons of cigarettes," he said. "Three per week. Too bad you don't smoke, Dr. Sam."

And so we went through the house, taking inventory of the powdered milk, the refrigerator, the certificate of title to the motor launch, the dog food, and, in the back yard, the thousand cases of soup. The red convertible stood patiently at the curb in front of the house. Mrs. Beek had appropriated the mink coat.

We finally returned to the living-room. Jim and I sat on cases of powdered milk while Dr. Sam paced up and down before us.

"Now your problem as I see it, Dr. Sam," began Jim, "is this. You don't want a radio, you don't smoke, you don't want to go to Bermuda, you can't wear a mink coat, you can't drive a car and don't need one, you can't use a motor launch in a community two hundred miles from any body of water larger than a swimming hole, you haven't a dog and don't like dog food, you have a good refrigerator that Mrs. Beek selected for you only two months ago, and you don't like powdered milk and can't use it for talcum.

That leaves the soup. Do you like soup?"

"Yes, I like broths, but not creamed soups."

"And what kind is that mountain in the back yard?"

"Creamed soups. Mrs. Beek looked at every case."

"Dr. Sam's right," I put in. "Cream of tomato, cream of celery, cream of spinach, and cream of broccoli. Two hundred fifty cases of each. There was a company manifest on one of the cases."

"Gentlemen," said Dr. Sam plaintively. "I simply do not know what disposition to make of all these, these impedimenta. That is why I have requested your advice and assistance. For example, how would I go about giving them to charity?"

"And how do you go about getting the ten thousand dollars for income tax if you give them to charity?" asked Jim.

"Oh, my. That hadn't occurred to me."

"You'll have to sell what you can, Dr. Sam. You don't know it, but you're in business."

What he meant was that *we* were in business. The only thing Dr. Sam had ever sold was an article on the semicolon, to *The Grammarian's Review* in 1897. I believe we might have done better for him, but we were largely out of our element, too. Before I left to return to Chicago, we had sold the soup to a local retailer, the powdered milk to an ice cream concern, the dog food to a kennel, the television-radio-phonograph to a neighbor, the motor launch to a suspicious-looking but apparently well-heeled individual from New York, the convertible to a student, and the cigarettes to a campus fraternity. The trip to Bermuda we had to forget, and the mink coat remained in Mrs. Beek's possession. We assumed from the start that our chances of getting her to part with her coat were about as good as our chances to get a grizzly bear to part with his. But at least we netted $9,784.92.

Poor old Dr. Sam, for the first time in his life, was really engrossed in a series of commercial transactions. His ring of hair grew thinner and whiter, and so did he. At critical moments I thought I detected beads of perspiration on his forehead. He tried to lose himself in the date of "The Malcontent," but he failed miserably. He lost his appetite, and even the glowering authority of Mrs. Beek was powerless to make him eat properly. He lost interest in his classes, in his students, in his semicolons, in everything but the profits on our deals. When I finally left for Chicago, I was

rather worried about his health, and so were Jim and Betty.

I got back to work in Chicago with a vengeance and thought of Dr. Sam only rarely. But a few days ago I received a letter from Jim. Dr. Sam, he tells me, is looking much better since he paid his income tax. He lost only fifty-two dollars for answering the phone that night. And now he's bought a radio—and guess what kind of program he listens to every evening!

"Here was a man (Gandhi) in a loincloth and with a lathee (bamboo walking stick) going out to do battle with the greatest empire that ever existed and promising not to return until independence had been gained. Never were two sides more unequally matched. But here was something more than a little man and a stick. Here was the embodiment of an idea: he would match his capacity to suffer against the others' capacity to inflict the suffering, his soul force against physical force; he would not hate, but he would not obey, and he would wear down all resistance by an infinite capacity to take it. Here was a technique that had been applied here and there in history, but never applied to a problem on the scale of nothing less than the freedom of one fifth of the human race. The stakes were immense, and the cards seemed all stacked against him. How could he win? But we soon began to see the immense power of an embodied idea. The British were baffled. This was illustrated when a burly Irish military officer said to me: 'If they'd only fight with weapons we'd understand, we would show them something. But this . . . ' And he shook his head helplessly. Gandhi was getting behind the military armor and striking at the heart and conscience, and a great nation was striking back, but wincing under the blows falling upon its inner spirit."

E. Stanley Jones in *Mahatma Gandhi: An Interpretation*
(Abingdon-Cokesbury Press)

atlantic city

By WALTER RIESS

IF YOU'VE never walked the boards of atlantic city, call me sensationalist: the place is a person of stained glass moods and bitter tastes: like the top of penobscot in a fog:

you do not look at the strangers: only occasionally at the whitecaps: hawkers shout at you to crawl out of your fright into their mirrors and china and silverware: you turn nowhere: afraid to look at sea, you look at the queer feet trying to stroll—thousands of pulsing veins suddenly slowed in a fever of relaxation: afraid to go into the mirrors, you listen to the beat of the ocean mocking your rotten little boards and your careful sighs: "i'm all right," you say, "i'm all right": but the boards have no room for you: you're a foreigner like all the rest—even the lost ones who had to live here all the time, who had to listen to the ocean damning them until they went to sleep:

never did earth and heaven stage such a farce: God must stand tall on the ocean and watch with terror: how the heathen do rage on the boards: merry-go-rounds and jazz bands conking the kiddies to sleep while white-collared parsons jiggle bingo in the parlors: "oh you baby" whistle the braves at blondes crusty with beer: giddy lights focus your eyes on the boards, but you cannot forget the ocean beside you: feel ashamed for walking on the land, pray to be fish and see God: beg to drown in mercy while the landlubbers wait for sign of cancer: no good:

get off the boards and walk out on the pier: scared?: okay, be scared, but it's nice to be scared once in awhile: look up at the stars: count them, number your blessings: stare down into the gloom beneath you: dreadful, isn't it?: that's how you go, baby, that's how you go: on the fringe of light the dark is darkest: "what you doing there, sonny—fishing?": "no sir, no sir, i'm just looking for someone": "ha, ha, kid, ha, ha: nobody out there: walk the boards, fella":

beautiful deadly night, you're a killer all right: you're a drunk in shiny black rubber boots: i wouldn't want to meet you in the alley again, no sirree: and if i didn't know that God was shedding His robe like the overwhelming, magniloquent, superfluous ocean, i'd beat it out of here: you crumby night, quit the joshing: i'll toss you odds or evens any time: and i won't have to go to the hucksters for help either: *shoo:*

but don't stop to tell off the boots: no sense to it when everything is yours: glance at the dull eyes behind the smiles: don't be afraid: "black sheep, have you any wool?": "Nothing but the boards, you silly fool": "Not quite enough, my friends":

so meager a treasure everywhere: in a shop you come upon a print of kenzler's: *der sonne erster grusz:* around it, pasted thick on cardboard walls, the dummies: christs sneaking into narthex and drawing room, jesuses with eyes that close and open to your stare, tender carcasses of crucified pouring out bleak sorrow in store windows:

you never know what squalor is until you see the misty statues: go and sit on a bench and mourn the last whispers: what man has made of God: there is nothing left of painting or idea: the endless periodic slap of ocean on sand is metronome to your thought: you wanted once to sleep in God's waves: you wanted to beat the shops: you end up with a prayer: and that is your only portrait:

in the end the boards and the crowd make your peace: don't bother now to make big impressions, flaunt yourself to the fearful: no one will ever understand how your help comes: but those who doubt your strength will be the first to increase it: God is all over: He reaches through His mockers to form His glory in you: water to the ship and ship to the sailor:

leave the shore: stroll into the main streets electric with dance hall jive: into a bus and next to the window: the wind grows warmer as you ride: your prayer cuts through the snores of tired people to Someone who is glad for you: Philadelphia next stop: and then

THE ASTROLABE

By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

THE GREATNESS OF MARTIN LUTHER

The history of the Christian Church is a continuing record of ebb and flow, of decline and revival, so that many times those who confidently predicted the break-up of the Church have been confounded by the logic of events when the Spirit of God wrought moral and spiritual revivals in the hearts of men.

The early sixteenth century was such an unexpected time of Revival. Through long generations corruption had spread through all of Christendom and with the revival of learning and classical scholarship many sober-minded men were driven to speculate on the future of the Church. Did it have a future? Through changing the law by which the Church was governed and by convening of great councils through the effort of individual leaders attempts had been made to accomplish the reform of the Church. If these efforts failed it was because the necessary something was lacking. What was needed was a new religious impulse which should lead to the necessary moral regeneration alike in "head and members" of the whole Church. Neither critics nor scholars could move the common man at the deep levels of personality: the times needed a prophet who could speak to the people in their own language and summon them to that long awaited Revival. Martin Luther, an obscure monk of Wittenberg, through all ages identified with the 31st of October, was that prophet, whose voice awakened the Church from the dead and initiated the greatest Revival in the long history of Christianity.

Luther was a man who had sprung from the people, the son

of a Saxon miner. He knew at first hand in his childhood days the experience of grinding poverty, and often recalled how he had seen his mother carrying the wood for the family fire from the forest on her poor shoulders. He grew up among the coarse, hard, grimy surroundings of German working-class life, yet imbibing simple and earnest religious ideas. He learned at home the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandents; he learned also that the Church was the "Pope's House," in which the Bishop of Rome was the housefather.

As a boy and a young man he lived the popular religious life, and shared the thoughts and hopes of his contemporaries. Later, after he had become a doctor of theology, his preaching was distinguished by its avoidance of the formal style and language of the schools, and by its clear, vigorous exposition of religious truth in the common speech of the people, in a manner which left no doubt of the preacher's personal experience of the things which he urged upon his hearers. Indeed, Luther stands in the front rank of preachers, with a strange power of speaking to the human heart.

The banner of reform was raised in October, 1517, when Luther challenged to a theological debate the vendors of indulgences, generally viewed by the people as certifying to them the Pope's own pardon for sin. This perversion of Christian truth affected him so keenly because of the experiences through which he himself had passed. To understand the real source of his greatness we must consider Luther's personal religion.

THE GREAT EXPERIENCE

The men who have made the greatest impression on the life of the Christian Church have been men of profound Christian feeling, who have plumbed the depths of religious experience. St. Paul, Augustine, Francis, Pascal, Bunyan and Wesley have each left an enduring influence on the Church, and Luther belongs to this select creative group for the same reason. Even in early years his sensitiveness to religious impressions was apparent to all. The fear of being unable to face the judgment which God should one day pass on his life, was deepened by the constant sight of the stained-glass window in the parish church, which depicted the frowning face of Jesus the Judge, seated on a rainbow, with a flaming sword in His hand. In 1505 he entered the strictest of the eight monasteries in Erfurt. In taking this step Luther was fol-

lowing the beaten track sought by those who wished to find God and serve Him earnestly. His fellow-monks soon recognized in him a model of piety and his superiors recognized in him qualities of a great future religious leader. At this time Luther was lecturing on the Book of Psalms. Fortunately Luther's own text of his lectures has been preserved to us and we are able to trace the working of his mind and the new comprehension which came to him regarding the nature of divine grace. The great theme of the Letter to the Romans—"The just shall live by faith" (chapter 1:17)—became clear to him very gradually, particularly in connection with his study of the 31st Psalm where the prayer: "Deliver me in Thy righteousness" gave him much trouble since "by the righteousness of God we are sentenced and condemned, not delivered." It was when he understood this righteousness to be righteousness imputed to the sinner by grace, that he understood the New Testament way of salvation.

And so in his preparations for the classroom, it was while wrestling with the meaning of such terms as "grace," "righteousness," "faith," and "salvation" that the light of the New Testament was opened to him through the understanding of justification by faith. Luther now understood that in Christ, God offers to man His own righteousness, which alone can deliver from the terror of judgment. This constitutes Christianity a Gospel, but we can only believe confidently in the grace of God which is so contrary to all expectations, on the strongest assurances. These assurances are to be found in the Bible, where God has given us His own Word. "God's Word is before all else and in the Word is more than in all the world beside." The Bible was no longer a textbook of scholastic theology but a precious handbook for life in which could be heard the very voice of God. Luther became preeminently a Biblical theologian, bearing testimony to the Gospel in the Bible. This rediscovery of the foundations of Christian life and thought was the unshakable rock on which his future life and activity was built.

PASTOR AND LEADER

It was as pastor of the congregation in Wittenberg that he took a hand in the manner in which the Roman Church was dealing with her parishioners. In his innocence he believed that the heads of the Church, especially the Holy Father in Rome, would welcome his effort in be-

half of simple Gospel Christianity. When he nailed up his theses for debate on the door of the *Schloss Kirche,* on the eve of All Saints' Day, 1517, he intended no attack on ecclesiastical administration or dogma, but the repudiation of pastoral abuses which were endangering the souls of men. The refusal of authority to abandon this shameful traffic drove Luther to ask whether the whole structure of the Church, sacramental and hierarchical, had not become distorted, and inconsistent with a Gospel of grace.

By nature, Luther was not a fighter. In fact, he was not an extravert, but an introvert, and only when he found himself contradicted in matters of greatest spiritual moment, did he begin to cross swords with the theologians of the Roman system. The common people knew what was at stake and watched breathlessly until he had taught them the lesson that the man who trusted in God need fear neither Pope, Emperor nor Devil. "I have urged God's Word alone and . . . the Papacy has been rendered more impotent than any prince or emperor has ever succeeded in making it." Such words were no idle boast in 1525, for not merely the learned and cultivated classes but the common people had been emancipated from the tyrannical control of the clergy. Justification by Faith alone bestowed upon men and women the gift of Christian liberty, free from the power of man, in simple obedience to the Word of God.

THEOLOGY AND LIFE

Luther rediscovered and emphasized the long-forgotten truth that God is to be served and glorified in daily life. Vocation was brought out of the monastic cell into the market place, the school, the farmyard and the kitchen. The notion of a spiritual aristocracy was abolished and the highest spiritual privileges made available to all. The whole Christian community was a priestly community, and every member of it shared in that priestly activity. The old distinction between the religious life in the convent and the secular life in the world was done away. All life was to be lived in obedience to God's Word, and in every sphere He could be served.

Such a revolution in spiritual thought and religious teaching could not be accomplished without releasing social and religious violence. Much of the blame for violence must rest upon those who provoked it by refusing reform. Among the literary men who have more recently maligned Luther as an enemy of freedom

and an advocate of civil oppression are Dean Inge, formerly of St. Paul's, London, and the German essayist and writer of fiction Thomas Mann. Thomas Mann writes: "Luther knew nothing of liberty. I am not speaking now of the liberty of the Christian, but of political liberty, the liberty of the citizen." Again: "The liberty of the citizen left him cold, . . . its impulses and demands were deeply repugnant to him." In a South Australian paper, *The Argus Week-end Magazine,* the opinion of Dean Inge was reflected in the editorial judgment: "Founder of the Protestant Church in Germany, he nevertheless fostered the spirit of militant nationalism and was an antagonist of democracy." Fortunately the Lutherans of Australia have a vigilant Public Relations Committee which submitted to the public a correction in the following terms:

" 'Luther fostered the spirit of militant nationalism.' No attempt is made to prove this statement; it cannot be proved. Luther warned his people against Latin influence and made the perfervid statements that are quoted. But these can be matched by the utterances of patriotic nationals of many countries, even at the present time, and they were in no sense militant. Germany was part of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation. At no time did the Reformer incite his people against the rest of the Empire. On the contrary, he championed its cause against the Turks. 'Luther was an antagonist of democracy.' In support of this statement his attitude towards the rebellious peasants is quoted. But was theirs a democratic movement? They burnt down castles, convents, and towns. In the area south of the Main alone they destroyed 179 castles and twenty-eight convents. They tortured and murdered young and old. In this emergency Luther called on the government to quell the rebellion with the utmost determination. His language was violent, but fearful violence was being used by the rebels. One of their leaders, Munzer, had incited his followers to rapine and murder with the most blood-thirsty words. Was there some other way of putting down such a murderous rising? Before the rebellion began, Luther urged the princes to ameliorate the conditions under which the down-trodden classes were living, and to ease their burdens. When the peasants were overcome, he urged the princes to leniency. Today the Lutheran countries of Europe—Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland—are the most democratic of all. Nowhere was there nobler resistance to Nazism than in Norway, where Lutheran bishops

gave a lead to the whole nation.— 'Luther's arch-enemy was reason.' Yes, when reason opposes revelation. This is still the attitude of evangelical Christians everywhere in the world. To say that Luther believed in 'faith' only, and not in 'works,' is a ludicrous misstatement. It is enough to point to his Small Catechism, in which both the necessity and character of the works the Christian should perform are set forth. He strongly opposed the teaching that human works merit salvation, and above all he denounced works of human invention. The 'Poeta Laureatus,' Hutten, at first spoke of a 'mere monks' squabble,' but later he became a great admirer of the Reformer. The Reformation had the support of many princes and nobles, but also of many bishops and archbishops, and of the common people. However, its victories were peaceful. How Luther can be called a reactionary is a puzzle. History shows amply enough that he is the father of our modern freedoms, and as such he is honored even by many of those who oppose his religious teachings."

"A RIGHT SPIRITUAL HERO AND PROPHET"

That is what Thomas Carlyle called Martin Luther in his "Hero and Hero Worship." "I will call this Luther a true, great man, a right spiritual hero and prophet."

In the library of the British museum there are more books catalogued under the name of Martin Luther than under any other name except that of Jesus Christ.

If one were to write a history of the Christian era on a hundred pages, one would have to devote a page to Luther.

Max Mueller defined religion as "The perception of the Infinite under such manifestations as are able to influence the moral character of man." Martin Luther had a perception of the Infinite, and it was so manifested to him through the Church, the Bible, the life of Christ, and his own personal experience that it not merely influenced, it dominated his whole character and controlled his whole life. In an essay written many years ago by Dr. Lyman Abbott as editor of the *Outlook,* entitled "The Real Luer," Dr. Abbott said: "The supernatural was to him no theory to account for phenomena. God was to him no hypothesis to explain the creation. He lived in the supernatural. God was to him the Great Companion. This experience must be understood if we would understand his character. One must, at least in imagination, sympathize with *'Ein Feste*

Burg,' Luther's hymn of the Reformation, if one would understand Luther."

The great American Luther specialist, Professor Henry Bainton, has just given us a new biography of the man and Professor Schwiebert of Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, has published through Concordia Publishing House another very scholarly and yet eloquent story of the Reformer and his work. These biographies give us "in place of the demigod whom Protestants have been taught to reverence as almost the founder of their faith," a truly human Luther—human indeed on a colossal scale, but not without his failings. The deeper modern scholarship penetrates into the voluminous records left by Luther, his co-workers, and his opponents, the closer we come to the true Luther, the courageous fighter, the warm-hearted friend, the practical reformer, the student and scholar, the Christian disciple, the devout soul. More than ever, after reading these biographies, we believe that Carlyle did wisely and justly in giving him a prominent place among the world's heroes.

When Naziism was at its height, in 1937, the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* had a brief editorial entitled "If Luther Were Alive." It consisted of these two pungent sentences: "Eighty Protestant ministers are now in jail in Germany, a fact lamented during the observance on Sunday of the 420th anniversary of the day Martin Luther nailed his theses on the church door at Wittenberg. And if Martin Luther were in Germany today, he might be in jail, but not until after Adolf Hitler had had the fight of his life."

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Bach Comes to the U.S.A.

By WALTER A. HANSEN

It is fascinating and beguiling to speculate on what could or might have been. Sometimes it is easy to do so. Sometimes it is difficult. More often than not it is dangerous. I am, believe me, fully aware of the risks.

Johann Sebastian Bach and his colossal achievements have for a long time given rise to speculation. What turn would the great man's career as a composer have taken if he had been born and reared in an atmosphere hostile to religion? It is easy, I believe, to find the correct answer to this question. Much of Bach's output would have been entirely different in character if he had not been a Lutheran by birth and by conviction.

What if Bach had been a freethinker in the matter of religion? Could works like the *St. John Passion,* the *St. Matthew Passion,* the *Mass in B Minor,* the *Christmas Oratorio,* the *Magnificat,* the church cantatas, and the chorale preludes have come from his pen if he had not been a Christian with every fiber of his being? I think not.

What if Bach had been acknowledged and honored in his own day as a great composer? What if there had been a widespread demand in his own time for the music he composed? What if much money and numerous awards and honors had been showered upon him when he was alive? What if there had been no stuffed shirts in Arnstadt, Leipzig, and other places to find fault with his work and to speak of him as a musician of mediocre attainments? What if Bach's music had been hailed by his contemporaries as fashionable?

It would be wonderful indeed if one were able to give unerring answers to such questions. Naturally, it is impossible to do so. Nevertheless, there is nothing to

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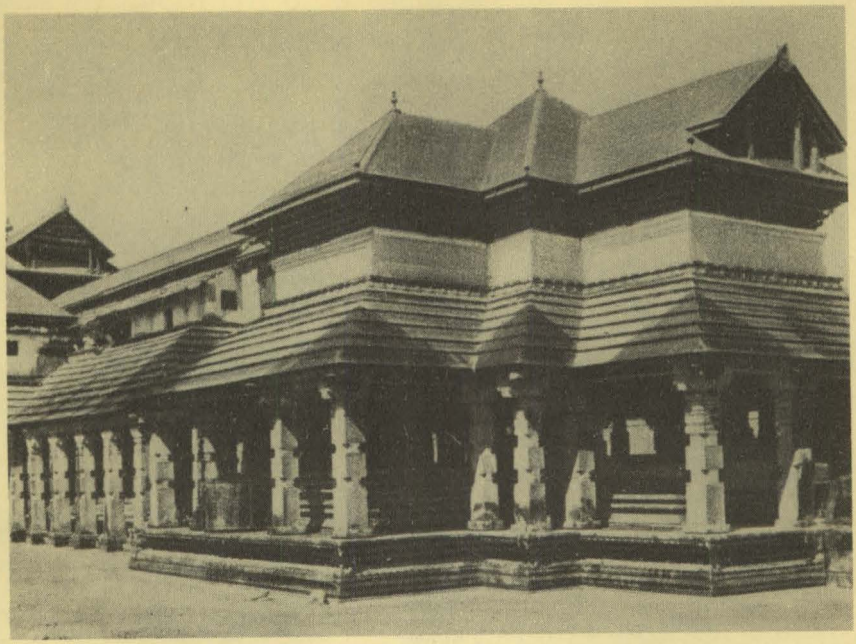
Sri Dharmasthala Temple



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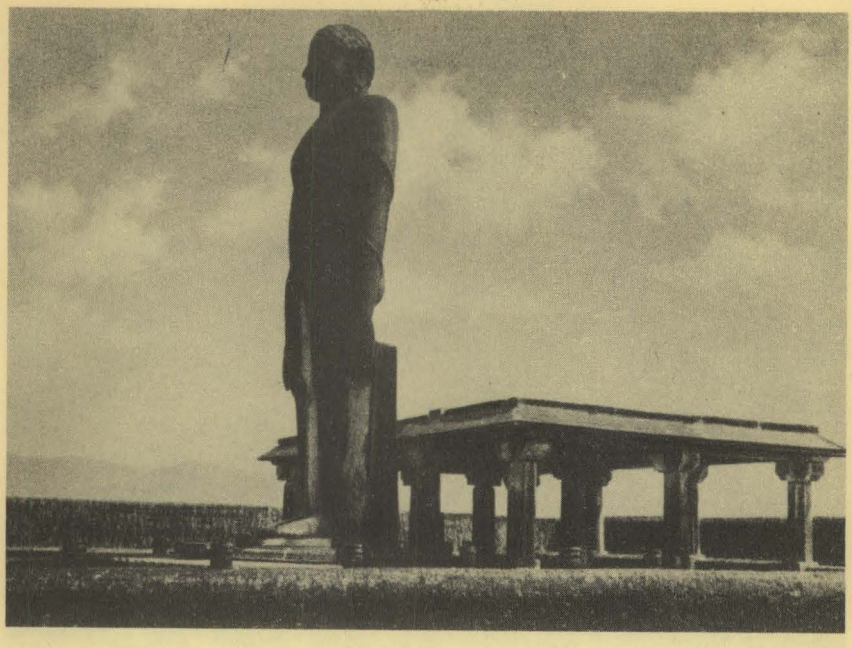

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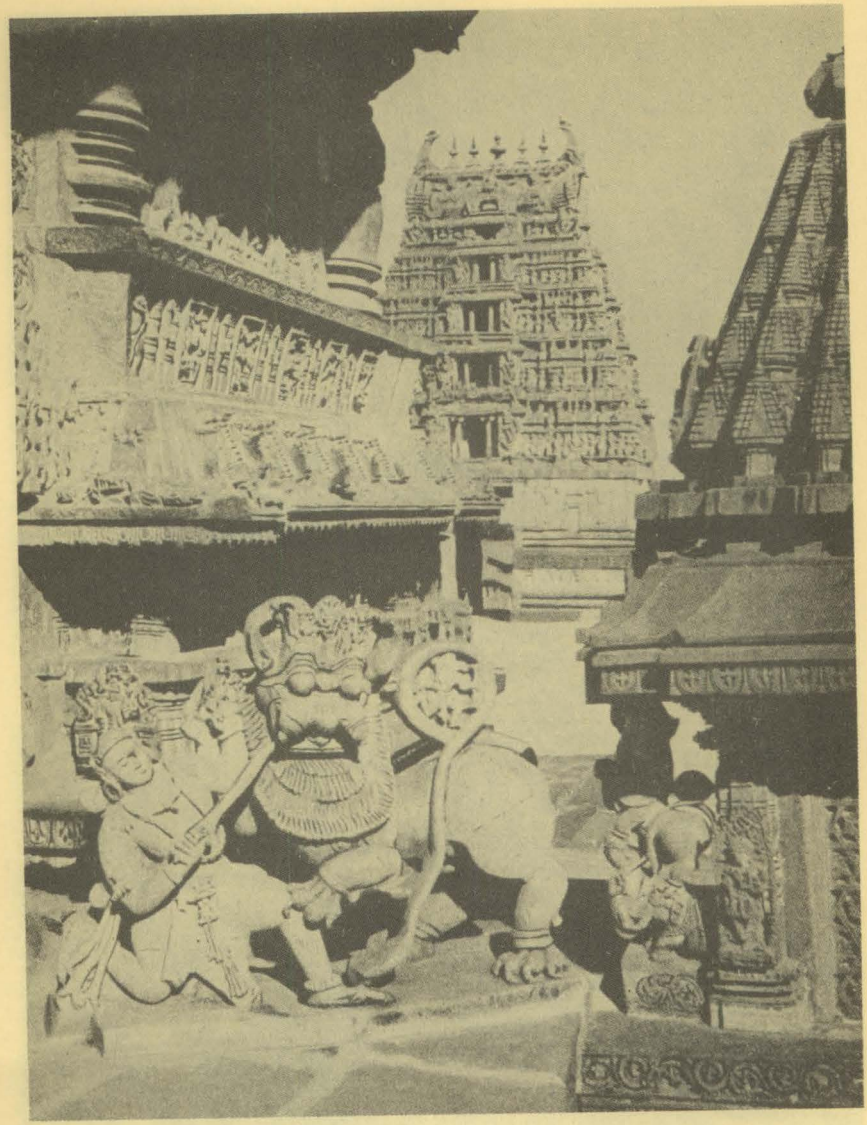

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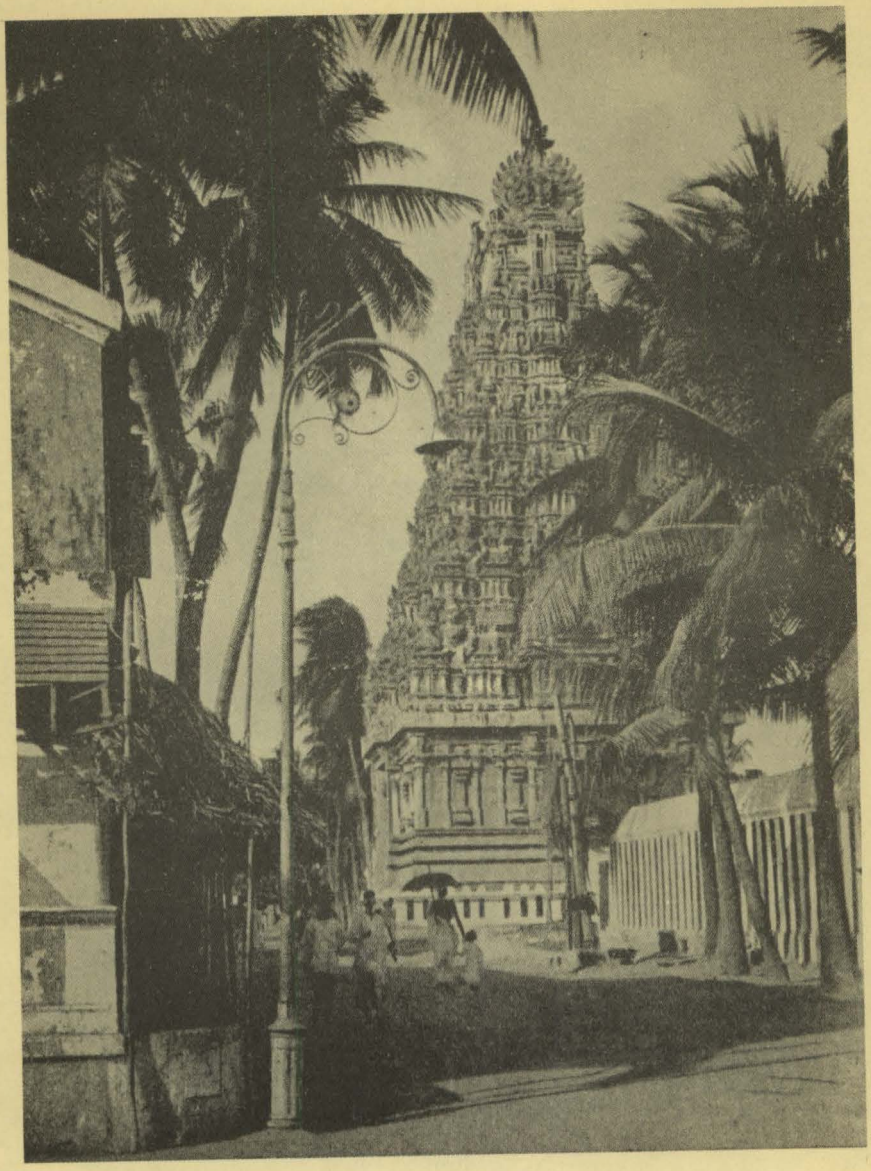

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Mylapore Temple, Madras

prevent one from holding to a rocklike belief that Bach's innate strength of character would have kept him from backsliding and compromising in matters pertaining to his art. There was indisputable firmness in the Bachian backbone.

Many will say that it is idle to speculate about Bach by asking questions containing the little word "if." But is it altogether harmful to give play to one's imagination? I do not think so.

What if Bach were brought back to life to survey music as it is made and cultivated in our day? Would he be pleased? Would he be amazed? Would he be disgusted?

I have been dreaming a dream and seeing a vision. In that dream and in that vision Bach comes back to life. He tours the United States of America. He wears American-made clothes. He has discarded his wig. His bald head attracts no attention whatever. Had he gone about in Leipzig without his peruke, his bosses at the *Thomaskirche* would have seen red.

An Organ Recital

Bach wends his way to a beautiful church to listen to an organ recital. He is carried away by the tone of the fine instrument. He marvels at the resources of the organ of the twentieth century.

The organist plays a group of chorale preludes by Johann Sebastian Bach. Among them is the little masterpiece founded on *Nun freut euch, lieben Christen* —the masterpiece in which florid passage work for the right hand comments, as it were, in a most joyful manner on the noble *cantus firmus.*

"What terrific speed!" Bach exclaims under his breath. "In my day I was known as an organist equipped with extraordinary facility. But I never achieved such speed. Neither did I want it. It is true that wherever I go in the U.S.A. I find that life and living travel at a breakneck pace. But there should be no breakneck speed in the playing of my chorale prelude. I must see the organ and the organist after the recital."

The organist plays Bach's *Fantasy and Fugue in G Minor* and the rollicking *Fugue à la Gigue.* Again the speed is terrific. The master scratches his head and bites his lips.

After the concert Bach makes his way to the organ loft. He waits patiently while the famous organist autographs programs. Finally the moment comes when he can be alone with the fleet-fingered recitalist. "My name is Bach," he says, "Johann Sebastian Bach. Why do you play my music with the speed of a whirlwind?"

The organist is taken aback. Naturally, he feels happy and honored beyond measure to meet the great Johann Sebastian in person. "Was the speed too great?" he asks.

"It was indeed," answers Bach.

Fortunately, the organist is both eager to learn and honest. He makes bold to say to Bach, "Let your fingers run over the organ keys."

The master is amazed when he becomes aware of the extreme lightness of the pneumatic action. "Now I understand!" he exclaims. "Two centuries ago there were no organs like this. Had there been such instruments when I was alive, I, too, I suppose, would have acquired a fondness for terrific speed. But you must curb yourself, my good friend. Put on the brakes, as they say in the U.S.A."

The organist has learned a valuable lesson—a lesson which he decides to proclaim from the housetops. "Fellow organists," he will declare, "beware of letting an understandable mania for speed divest Bach's music of its authentic Bachian character." Then he goes on to tell the master, "Since your time, Mr. Bach, the organ has been improved a hundredfold. But I believe with all my heart that very few great compositions for the organ have come into being since your death."

One day Bach comes upon a mechanical contrivance called a metronome. When he has familiarized himself with the function and the purpose of the useful little gadget, he says to himself, "Would that there had been a device of this kind when I wrote my music! Then I could have indicated the pace at which I wanted a composition to be presented. As it is, there will always be differences of opinion as to the degree of fastness or slowness Mr. Bach desired for this or that work. Well, the musicians and the music critics of the twentieth century must reckon with these differences of opinion. Nevertheless, they must bear in mind that there is, naturally enough, a greater fondness for speed today than there was when I lived and worked."

The radio and the phonograph fill Bach with amazement. "If the art of recording music had been invented in my time," he says, "and if performances of my works under my direction or supervision had been recorded for posterity, the musicians of today would know what I wanted in the way of rhythm, dynamics, shadings, and tempo."

"But hold on!" Bach continues. "Would they actually know this in every instance? No. For I, too,

often had poor singers and poor instrumentalists to contend with. Yes, I had ideals. But was it possible, as a rule, for me to achieve ideal presentation? It was not. I was an exacting taskmaster, I know. But more often than not, particularly while I served in Leipzig, I had to be content with singing and playing which failed —sometimes dismally—to conform to my standards. Furthermore, much of my output was what the world of the twentieth century would call *Gebrauchsmusik*. It was written for specific occasions. After that it was all but forgotten."

Bach Froths at the Mouth

One evening Bach hears an organization called the First Piano Quartet play a forty-finger, four-piano version of his chorale prelude *Nun freut euch, lieben Christen*. What is his reaction? He froths at the mouth. He is speechless. He does not object to transcriptions of his works, for he himself often transcribed the compositions of others. But he is infuriated by changes and additions that make for tawdriness.

The master attends a concert presented by one of the great symphony orchestras of our land. No less a personage than the mighty Arturo Toscanini is on the podium, and the program contains a work called the *Jupiter Symphony*. The composer, Bach reads, was a man named Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

"What a glorious masterpiece!" exclaims the distinguished visitor to our shores. "What a melodist that man Mozart was! What marvelous fluidity of counterpoint—at times even quadruple counterpoint! I envy that man Mozart!"

Toscanini conducts Bach's own *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, in G Major*. The resurrected composer beams. He is aglow with pleasure — even though he does consider the tempo a bit too fast. The proficiency of the orchestral forces employed by Toscanini fills the master's whole being with amazement. He marvels at the clarity of the playing, at the incisiveness of the rhythms, and at the ravishing quality of the tone.

At this point in my beguiling dream I remember that I have an ax to grind. I sidle up to the great composer and say: "Mr. Bach, your pleasure at this performance of your *Brandenburg Concerto* is no greater than mine. Let me tell you why. Perhaps you have heard of a renowned and able musicologist named Hugo Leichtentritt. Well, Dr. Leichtentritt once wrote that when you composed orchestral music, you were not especially interested in the tone *color* of the instruments. For you, the famous scholar declared, the instruments were

'chiefly representative of a certain pitch or tone *region.*' I have tried to swallow Dr. Leichtentritt's categorical pronouncement, but it will not go down. I believe that you paid much attention to tone *color* when you wrote orchestral music. Am I right, or am I wrong?"

Bach looks at me and says, "You are right." At all events, that is what I see and hear in my dream.

Then I go on to say: "Perhaps Dr. Leichtentritt has been influenced by inept performances of your *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3.* I myself have heard this work performed under many capable conductors, but a man like Toscanini is required to set forth its wonderful texture in the proper manner. As a rule, conductors muddy the composition. I know that there have been many wonderful developments in the art of orchestral writing since you were gathered to your fathers, but I am firmly convinced that you were by no means a novice in this field. I realize, however, that only a great master of detail—a master like Toscanini—can properly set forth the subtle magic contained in your *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3.*"

"Thanks," says Bach. Then he rivets his attention on Toscanini's readings of music written by a German composer named Richard Wagner.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS

COMMEMORATIVE EDITIONS—TOSCANINI TOUR — 1950: JOSEPH HAYDN. *Symphony No. 101, in D Major (Clock).* LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Symphony No. 3, in E Flat Major (Eroica).* PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Manfred, Op. 58.* WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Divertimento No. 15, in B Flat Major, for Strings and Two Horns (K. 287).* RICHARD WAGNER. *Prelude* and *Good Friday Spell,* from *Parsifal.* MAURICE RAVEL. *Daphnis and Chloé, Suite No. 2.* The NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini.—Wonderful souvenirs of the great maestro's consummate artistry. RCA Victor WDM-1368, 1375, 1372, 1355, 1376, and 1374.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Symphony No. 7 in A Major, Op. 92.* The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Charles Münch.—A great conductor's exciting reading of a great work. RCA Victor WDM-1360.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Quartet No. 5, in A Major, Op. 18.* The Paganini Quartet.—A sensitive performance by one of the finest string quartets in the world. RCA Victor WDM-1363.

ALEXANDRE LUIGINI. *Ballet Egyptien.* The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler.—A lucid presentation of a delightful work from the pen of an able French violinist and conductor. RCA Victor WDM-1357.

IGOR STRAVINSKY. *Orpheus.* The RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra under the composer.—One of the finest scores Stravinsky has written in recent years. It is ballet music for the ancient Greek story of Orpheus and Eurydice. RCA Victor WDM-1320.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Brandenburg Concerto No. 1, in F Major.* The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitsky.—Unfortunately, one seldom has the opportunity to hear an orchestra play this beautiful work. The horn parts are too difficult for most players. Koussevitsky gives a clear-cut performance. This is the only *Brandenburg Concerto* with four movements. RCA Victor WDM-1362.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. *Concerto in E Minor, for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 64.* Jascha Heifetz, violinist, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart.—The performance teems with irresistible magic. RCA Victor WDM-1356.

KURT WEILL. *Down in the Valley: An American Folk Opera.* Words by Arnold Sundgaard. Marion Bell, soprano; William McGraw, baritone; Kenneth Smith, bass-baritone; Ray Jacquemot, bass-baritone; Richard Barrows, speaker, and the RCA Victor Orchestra and Chorus under Peter Herman Adler.—A fascinating and powerful work from the pen of the late Kurt Weill. It points to new paths and new directions in the field of opera. RCA Victor WDM-1367.

CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY. *Prelude to The Afternoon of a Faun.* Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra.—A glowing performance of this great masterpiece. RCA Victor 49-0942.

The New Books

Unsigned reviews are by the Associates

CURRENT AFFAIRS

GOING TO JERUSALEM

By Willie Snow Ethridge. New York: The Vanguard Press, Inc. 1950. 313 pages. $3.50.

THE vivacious author of *Going to Jerusalem* admits that she had only "a thimbleful of knowledge" concerning Zionism and the newly created state of Israel when she "started across the seas" to join her husband, Mark Ethridge, the United States representative on the United Nations Palestine Commission. She knew even less about the Arabs. She says, "I had never seen an Arab except in the movies, and then he was always dashing by so swiftly on some fine steed with a sheet flying behind him that I never got a real good look at him."

Willie Snow Ethridge learned a great deal about Jews and Arabs during the months she spent in the Middle East. She has set down her experiences and discoveries in *Going to Jerusalem*. Although she makes use of the gay, carefree style which is characteristic of all her writing—and speaking—she is acutely conscious of the tragic conflict which still rages between Jews and Arabs. She saw for herself that the Palestinian dispute is by no means one-sided. Both Jews and Arabs have been guilty of harsh injustices and shocking cruelties. Mrs. Ethridge tells us that when she left Damascus on the first leg of her homeward journey her thoughts were dark and troubled.

> I felt I left in the middle of everything. I put down the problem with the ends still unknit. I have learned a great deal; indeed I have learned too much for my peace of mind. There have been times when I wished I hadn't gone at all, that I hadn't exposed myself to the painful facts of Palestine. My life will never move as complacently, as securely, as happily as it did before this journey.

Mrs. Ethridge was impressed by the amazing achievements of the young nation of Israel. She was deeply disturbed by the plight of the Arabs. She says:

> Peace is terribly important to both the Arabs and the Israelis, but especially to the Israelis . . . The pioneer Jews

and the Zionist leaders have made heartbreaking sacrifices to bring to life the Jewish Homeland; but whether the present leaders are wise enough to lead this infant into sturdy, healthy growth, only time will tell.

ASSIGNMENT TO AUSTERITY: An American Family in Britain

By Herbert and Nancie Matthews. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc. 1950. 338 pages. $3.50.

SHORTLY after seven o'clock on the evening of July 26, 1945, an automobile drew up before the gates of Buckingham Palace. Idlers standing by recognized the familiar, burly form of England's great wartime Prime Minister. In response to their cheers Winston Churchill smiled and raised his hand in the characteristic victory gesture which he had employed so effectively during the long, bitter years of peril and conflict. He entered the palace and was taken directly to the King's private office. In a few, simple words the Prime Minister tendered his resignation to George VI. The resignation was accepted. Thus ended the fateful tenure of office which began on May 10, 1940, one of the darkest days in the history of the English people.

Five minutes passed. Then another car entered the palace grounds. Almost unnoticed by passers-by, a bald-headed little man emerged from the automobile. He, too, was conducted to the King's office. A half-hour later Clement R. Attlee, leader of the triumphant British Labor Party, had accepted his Sovereign's invitation to form, and to become the head of, a new cabinet.

What had happened? How had it happened? Why had it happened? These were the questions which men and women all over the world asked in stunned bewilderment. For five years Mr. Churchill had been a colossal figure on the world scene. For five years he had been a national hero. Again and again his dauntless spirit and his flashing words had sustained and inspired his suffering, hard-driven countrymen. Had an ungrateful people so soon forgotten the superb leadership of the man who had guided Britain to victory?

Assignment to Austerity presents a clear and convincing account of the factors and the influences which contributed to Mr. Churchill's crushing defeat. It gives a detailed, objective analysis of the significance and the far-reaching effects of the Labor Government's failures and accomplishments during four and one-half critical postwar years. The authors, Herbert and Nancie Matthews, are exceptionally well qualified to evaluate the causes and the results of "one of the few great political upheavals in British Parliamentary history." A veteran correspondent for the *New York Times,* Mr. Matthews was an on-the-spot witness of many of the events which helped shape our modern world. He is the author of *Eyewitness in Abyssinia, Two Wars and More to Come, The Fruits of Fascism,* and *The Education of a Correspondent.* In June, 1945, he was sent to London to serve as chief correspondent for the *New York Times.* When he left

this post late in 1949, the defeat of the Labor Party in the February, 1950, elections was being freely predicted — a prediction which, as we know, was fulfilled. Socialism and the welfare state had not been a panacea for the ills which had reduced the power and the prestige of the mighty British Empire.

Mrs. Matthews is English-born. She understands British customs and traditions and the British character. She knows from firsthand experience the restrictions and the hardships imposed on the English people by the harsh austerity program under which they have lived for more than ten years.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthews are convinced that the crisis in British affairs has not yet reached its peak. But they say:

> The crisis through which Britain is going is a world crisis. The economic collapse, generally speaking, is even worse on the European continent than in Britain and the standard of living is lower. As Europe and the world recover, Britain will benefit accordingly; if there is no world recovery, Britain will sink with the others.

They believe, too, that

> the world needs Britain and all the things her people have stood for over the great centuries that began with Elizabeth and reached a peak of courage and moral grandeur in this destructive era.

Assignment to Austerity is an engrossing book. In addition to a wealth of timely and pertinent information, it contains excellent character sketches of Churchill, Attlee, Anthony Eden, Ernest Bevin, Aneurin Bevan, Emanuel Shinwell, Sir Stafford Cripps, Herbert Morrison, and many other famous and important personages.

GERMAN FACES

By Ann Stringer and Henry Ries. William Sloane Associates, New York. 1950. 115 pages. $3.00.

"THE purpose of this book," says the Preface, "is to present graphically and succinctly the Germans and Germany of today." It seems to us that the authors have unusually well succeeded in doing what they set out to do. They have tried to present a cross section of people and opinions by interviewing men and women from various walks of life and from all four zones, in Berlin, Mittenwald, Essen, and Bonn. The results of forty-one interviews are given, and each interview is accompanied by a full-page photograph taken by Ries which deepens the impression of the interview. The photographs are remarkably well done.

Three-fourths of the volume is devoted to the little people and the remaining quarter to ten leaders, among them Adenauer, Chancellor of the Western Federal Republic, Dr. Dibelius, Lutheran bishop of Berlin and Brandenburg; Reuter, Mayor of Western Berlin; and Ulbricht, undercover ruler of East Germany. The composite picture which emerges from the interviews and photographs is one of currents and crosscurrents, of privations and difficulties, uncertainties, hopes, and fears which agitate the German people, on whom so much depends for the future of Germany and the world.

NEWSWEEK'S HISTORY OF OUR TIMES

By the Editors of NEWSWEEK. Funk and Wagnalls Co. New York. 1950. $6.00. 466 pages.

THIS is an attempt by the editors of Newsweek "to adapt the style and technique of a weekly news magazine to a book recording contemporary history." They have done an admirable job in recording the news of the year 1949 and have maintained excellent proportions in the selection and presentation of the material.

The book is written with perhaps less "tongue-in-cheekishness" than if it had been written by the editors of Time; however Newsweek editors also have their lighter moments. We quote the *entire* section on taxes:

Payment Received

In Chicago, Internal Revenue Collector John T. Jarecki reported that on Tuesday, fateful March 15, a taxpayer had sent him a pint of blood.

We are disappointed in the 46 pictures chosen to represent the best human interest pictures of the year, and would like to suggest to the editors that in subsequent volumes, they consider recording for posterity the winning entries in some of the more important photographic contests, art and architectural competitions, and the like.

One highly useful feature of the book is the chronology of events and the very complete index. This volume should be of special interest to those who like to review the background of certain past events which time and the tides of man have brought into clear and important focus.

ROBERT SPRINGSTEEN

MUSIC

THE VICTOR BOOK OF OVERTURES, Tone Poems and Other Orchestral Works

By Charles O'Connell. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1950. 614 pages. Illustrated with musical examples. $3.95.

CHARLES O'CONNELL has a wealth of learning at his command. In addition, he has had much experience in the world of music. He is blessed with a keen sense of wit. His pen is as sharp as it is facile.

All this means that O'Connell's book on overtures, tone poems, and other orchestral works is something infinitely more valuable than a matter-of-fact concatenation of dates, details, illustrations, explanations, conclusions, and surmises. The volume is readable. Taste any one of O'Connell's program notes, and your appetite will be whetted for more. There is never even a trace of dullness in what this outspoken man of music has to say.

O'Connell deals with composers as human beings. When he discusses music by Bach, he makes it clear that the great master, who often wrote works of the utmost seriousness, was "a merry fellow at times—as merry as one gifted with robust health, confidence in his own powers, a happy inward life, and twenty children can well be." When he discusses Rossini, he tells us that Arturo Toscanini once said to him that the Italian

composer "was often the equal and sometimes the superior of Mozart."

"It is quite reasonable to believe," says O'Connell, "that if Beethoven lived today he would be put down as a parlor pink." Berlioz, he states, "had expansive and expensive ideas concerning music." When Hindemith wrote his *Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes by Carl Maria von Weber,* he "elected to attempt to make interesting music out of uninteresting music"—and succeeded. When dealing with the overtures bequeathed to us by Franz von Suppé, the erudite and witty author declares, "It might be said of Suppé's music, as it was of Strauss's, that people don't want to talk about it, they want to listen to it."

O'Connell's book is both readable and re-readable. Concert-goers as well as radio and record fans will do well to keep it handy as a vademecum. A discography adds much to the value of the volume.

THE LITTLE BACH BOOK

Edited by Theodore Hoelty-Nickel. The Valparaiso University Press, Valparaiso, Indiana. 1950. 162 pages. $3.00.

THE great virtue of this volume is that it is the product of men who not only have a deep reverence for Bach's music but for his theology. The writers are, for the most part, Lutheran theologian-musicians who have grown up in the Bach tradition.

Chapter headings include "Bach the Preacher," "Bach the Teacher," "Bach the Tone Poet," "Bach and the Organ," "Bach and Hausmusik," "Bach Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," and "Bach and Volksmusik." There are also lists of Bach's compositions and Bach recordings and data of Bach's life.

The introductory chapter, "Bach and the Twentieth Century," appeared in the July CRESSET in the Pilgrim's column.

STYLE AND IDEA

By Arnold Schönberg. New York: Philosophical Library. 1950. 224 pages. $4.75.

THE world of music has every reason to prick up its ears when Arnold Schönberg lifts up his voice. Many have no fondness whatever for some of Schönberg's compositions; but if they are alive to the influence exercised for a long time by the seventy-five-year-old prophet and philosopher, they will listen intently to what he has to say.

Style and Idea is a collection of essays which give a summation of the Schönbergian thought from 1912 to the present day. The titles of the discussions are "The Relationship to the Text," "Gustav Mahler," "New Music, Outmoded Music, Style and Idea," "Brahms the Progressive," "Composition with Twelve Tones," "A Dangerous Game," "Eartraining Through Composing," "Heart and Brain in Music," "Criteria for the Evaluation of Music," "Folkloristic Symphonies," "Human Rights," "On Revient Toujours," "The Blessing of the Dressing," "This Is My Fault," and "To the Wharfs."

As one reads the essays, one notes that they reflect the growth and development of the distinguished com-

poser's ideas during a period of almost forty years. The articles which Schönberg wrote in German have been translated into English by Dika Newlin; those written in English have, as Newlin points out, "the earmarks of Schönberg's individual German style."

FICTION

RED BONE WOMAN

By Carlyle Tillery. New York. The John Day Company. 1950. 314 pages. $3.00.

RED BONE is the name given to a person of Indian descent living in Louisiana. The "regular whites" contemptuously give this name to anyone who they think is of dubious origin. Although there is ample proof that the Red Bone is of Indian origin, there are many who think they are Negroes. When a white man marries a Red Bone, he becomes a social outcast. This, then, is a story of a mixed marriage, its problems and how this marriage affects various individuals.

In spite of what the dust jacket says, namely, that this book mainly reveals character, I think it is, for the most part, a book which presents primarily a social phenomenon. The book reads well and the reader gets a good look into how other people live. For that reason, social-minded people will be rewarded for reading "Red Bone Woman." However, there is much to be desired in literary technique.

GRACE WOLF

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

THE WAY OF DELIVERANCE

By Shinsho Hanayama. Translated by Hideo Suzuki, Eiichi Noda and James K. Sasaki. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 297 pages. $3.00.

I AM like one waiting for a boat," wrote Japanese Kosei Igawa the night before he went to the gallows. And condemned Colonel Oie:

> To me this life has become tiresome. I do not want to live by any means. And so I can't help feeling happy. I want to die with a smile . . . I think this is owing to my religious faith. I have entrusted myself to God.

Ex-Lieutenant Uichi Ikegami said to his Buddhist chaplain, the author of this book: "If a man like you were to be imprisoned here, he would surely become a better man." Shinsho Hanayama could only answer, "It is true."

But Chaplain Hanayama *was* a willing captive in Sugamo prison for three years. During that time he ministered to 27 war offenders waiting for execution. He published his experiences because "I realize that unless I give to the world these records no one else will or can. . . ."

A few of the condemned were Christians, most of them Buddhists. Chaplain Hanayama was pastor to them all. He always visited a prisoner shortly before the time of execution. The letters, poems, confessions which this Buddhist clergyman received during many last hours are warm to read.

One cannot afford to discount the work of Shinsho Hanayama. He distributed to his singular congregation both Buddhist and Christian books. He advised a Christian prisoner, about to enter the death chamber, to place all his faith in Christ. And one can find in Hanayama's Buddhism appealing traces of divine truth—which might have struck through to the souls of doomed men.

Readers of this diary will be humbled before page 20. The Japanese "war criminals," ignored or scorned by innocent society, earned their death by serving their country in the way they deemed right. At their core they were men, not soldiers. That was why they needed God. To them, writes Shinsho Hanayama, Sugamo prison was "a window of heaven."

I hope Sugamo was just that.

WALTER RIESS

MODERN PARABLES

By Fulton Oursler, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 1950. 153 pages. Price $1.75.

THE author of this book, Fulton Oursler, a senior editor of the Reader's Digest, is widely known for his best-seller The Greatest Story Ever Told. These parables or better called short stories have appeared in the author's weekly syndicated column. Mr. Oursler says: "The Master Story Teller of them all never stated principles alone. He dramatized them in parables that are eternal classics. I thought, humbly and imperfectly, it might be possible to state great truths in terms of modern tales with some principles that could light our modern lives." This writer has always felt that the power of Jesus' parables lies in their spiritual depth. They are rightfully called earthly stories with a heavenly meaning. Their subject is the Kingdom of God, its everlasting riches and never-failing challenge to the faith of the believer in Christ. In comparison—I say this humbly and imperfectly—all other parables fail to measure up to the meaning of the word parable. At best they are moralizations based on tales from real life. But so very often they do not motivate the reader with the heart of Christ's religion which is His redemptive sacrifice on Calvary.

Modern Parables may rightfully be called gems of the storyteller's art. Much of their charm lies in their dramatic presentation and deep understanding of human nature. Someone has correctly said that the author's real pen is his heart.

H. H. KUMNICK

THESE SOUGHT A COUNTRY

By Kenneth Scott Latourette. Being THE TIPPLE LECTURES IN DREW UNIVERSITY, 1950. Publishers: Harper & Brothers: New York. 156 pages. Price $1.75.

THE title of this book is suggested by this scripture passage from the great chapter on the heroes of faith, Hebrews 11: "They seek a country . . . Wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God." *These Sought*

a Country makes interesting reading for the lover of foreign (Reformed) missions. The author, who is professor of missions and oriental history, feels that the great foreign missionary movement from the Anglo-Saxon countries can—in essence—be written in the lives of five persons: William Carey, the first English missionary to arrive in India, Samuel John Mills, who sought countries to "the remotest corner of this ruined world," Hudson Taylor and Timothy Richard, whose lives were spent among China's millions, and Joseph Hardy Neesima, who sought a country that he might transform his own (Japan). Adoniram Judson (1788-1850), the great missionary to Burma, might well have been included in this group. We agree with the author that the spiritual awakenings and missionary movements to conquer the Orient for Christianity were especially pronounced in the Reformed churches, the Congregationalists, the Methodists, and the Baptists. In the Anglican church the awakening was first conspicuous among those most sympathetic with radical Protestantism, the Evangelicals. Lutherans became prominent in Protestant missions but not as much so as the Anglicans and Reformed. Lutheran missions in those early years of foreign missions were largely from Pietist circles.

Addressed to the layman and written in a pleasant quick-moving style, this book sheds much light on the foreign mission movement as we know it to-day.

H. H. KUMNICK

COOKING FOR CHRIST: the Liturgical Year in the Kitchen

By Florence S. Berger. National Catholic Rural Life Conference, 3801 Grand Ave., Des Moines 12, Iowa. 127 pages. $2.50.

ONE may encounter a raised eyebrow when he speaks of "Cooking for Christ." The theologian will be quick to tell you that this isn't sacrilegious, that, indeed, it *should always be true;* and he may quote the passage, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." He may also point to Blessed Martin Luther's break with the Medieval double standard of morality and his insistence that everyone, wherever he finds himself in the world, has a "calling."

Mrs. Berger's book demonstrates the sincere interest on the part of a few people in *living* the liturgical year, in integrating all of life about Christ and His foremost followers. Certain foods and customs have had, through the centuries, a symbolical meaning; they have embellished the joy of a particular feast day. One does not have to dwell on the barrenness of most of our family life today—the disappearance of fine, old family recipes, cafeteria-style eating, hours spent in semi-darkness before "canned" entertainment on TV. There are better things than this for the Christian in his "vita nova."

Cooking for Christ is a collection of some eighty recipes from various lands. In a running commentary Mrs. Berger connects these with local customs associated with the foods

and indicates their connection with the Christian seasons. Of particular interest are the suggestions for bringing the significance of festivals and feasts home to children, on Epiphany, Easter, Valentine's Day, etc.

Good cooking cuts across the lines of denominations. Yet one wishes that someone would do something like this based on the Lutheran Calendar. There are fine, old Christmas recipes and customs, for example, passed down for generations which should be made available to a larger public through such a publication. The Ladies' Aid of Trinity Lutheran Church, Palo Alto, Cal., has pointed the way by mimeographing a fine bulletin entitled "A Christian Cookbook." The idea should be taken up by many others.

ERNEST B. KOENKER

THE PERENNIAL SCOPE OF PHILOSOPHY

By Karl Jaspers. Translated by Ralph Manheim. New York: Philosophical Library. Copyright 1949. 188 pages. $3.00.

THE Marburg existentialist presents in this volume six lectures, all but one of which he delivered at the University of Basel in July, 1947. He discusses in these lectures the nature and content of philosophical faith, philosophy and religion, philosophy and anti-philosophy, and the philosophy of the future.

Whether one agrees with Jasper's brand of existentialism or not, whether one is still undecided how to rate existentialism – as a modern philosophic fad or a fundamental and respectable element in philosophic thought—everyone with some training in philosophy will derive benefit from these lectures. Jaspers possesses the ability to clothe his ideas in crystal-clear and concrete imagery. In addition, his style compels attention and reflection. Examples: "The progress of knowledge increases our nonknowledge of the fundamental questions" (p. 57); "the *deus absconditus* recedes into the distance when I seek to fathom him; he is infinitely near in the absolute historicity of the unique situation—and the situation is always unique" (p. 35).

This reviewer found the lectures on "man" and "philosophy and antiphilosophy" particularly stimulating and informative. In the latter, Jaspers analyzes the "demonic" in a way which should clarify for American readers what Europeans understand by that much abused term. The translator's choice of "Comprehensive" fails to do justice to the German "das Umgreifende" and unnecessarily obscures Jaspers' thought. Considering the price of the book, one misses a forceful introduction to the author's place in current philosophical thought.

THE CHRISTIAN RESPONSE TO THE ATOMIC CRISIS

By Edward LeRoy Long, Jr. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 1950. 112 pages. $2.00.

THE author of this book, who studied science at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and theology at

Union Theological Seminary, discusses the attitude of scientists who produced the bomb, the reaction of the American people to the use of the bomb, the moral issues raised by the bomb, and the relevance and necessity of a Christian response to the atomic crisis. He further develops in sufficient detail various ethical systems and the inadequacy of every ethic which does not proceed from Christian obedience rooted in the Christian faith.

An endless amount of literature has appeared since the explosion of A-bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Church councils and Christian journals have attempted to relate the atomic crisis to the Christian faith. Some have wholly condemned the use of the bomb, others have expressed themselves more soberly. All have indicated an intense awareness of the crisis in which both East and West find themselves since the development of the "absolute" weapon.

Mr. Long is chiefly concerned in demonstrating that every secular ethic is inadequate in an age in which the A-bomb is a reality. In such an age there is only one way of life—the Christian way, the life of love which is a gift from heaven and is the outcome of a living faith in the cross of Calvary. Even apart from the value of Mr. Long's thesis, the book, into which the author has poured a mass of information and insight, merits serious study.

TRAVEL

HERE'S ENGLAND

By Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten. Harper and Brothers. 1950. 378 pages.

MY SISTER EILEEN'S sister, Ruth McKenney, knows what she loves and knows what she doesn't love and is not too reticent in expressing herself on both. The result, in *Here's England,* is a highly readable popourri of history, geography, local color, and family reminiscence which does more to make England come alive for the American stay-at-home than a dozen of the weightier works of the scholars.

Miss McKenney (in private life Mrs. Richard Bransten) takes her readers on a two-weeks' tour of London in the first section of the book, after which she seems to feel that they are ready to brave the mediocre food and historic ruins of the provinces. For those of her readers who may be able to sandwich a few minutes of reading into the crowded schedule she has outlined for them, there is a handy key to history, architecture, and cricket tacked on to the back end of the book.

Readers should not be deceived by the sometimes wide-eyed and ingenuous prose of the book (although we must admit that we got deucedly tired of hearing about what "Richard and I" had done, or said, or thought every other page). There is a lot of good solid meat in its pages, including as lucid a discussion of cathedral architecture as we have ever seen and evidence of a sensitive awareness of the historical roots of

the English people and their institutions.

As a matter of fact, for an introduction to the English people and their country, *Here's England* comes close to being the best we have ever come across.

FLOWER OF CITIES

A Book of London

By 22 authors. Harper and Brothers. 1950. 324 pages. $4.00.

THE reason why it takes 22 authors to write a book like this is that each of the authors writes about a part of London or a facet of the city's life with which he is intimately acquainted. The result is a fascinating study of "the flower of cities."

There seems to be this year a plethora of books about England or parts thereof. For some of us, even a plethora is not too much as long as the work is of the high quality that has marked most of this year's crop. The present volume, for instance, in addition to the excellent writing of the authors includes a great many charming illustrations by some of the finest English artists.

The book is divided into three sections: "Heart of the Nation," a series of sketches of London neighborhoods; "Living in London," descriptions of some of the more interesting residential areas, some of which are written in the fierce glow of local pride; and "London at Leisure," discussions of the museums, the galleries, the BBC, the theatre, the ballet, and occasions of state.

Four dollars is little enough for a book of such quality.

OTHER BOOKS

THE SHADOW OF THE ARROW

By Margaret Long, M.D. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 1950. $5.00.

IN *The Shadow of the Arrow,* Margaret Long, M.D., writes about a stretch of desert tucked away in Inyo County, California, which has been given the forbidding and phantom title, Death Valley. "The unseen mysteries of canyons winding into the mountains," the desolation, "the shimmering heat," "the immutable sun," "vast acres of sand dunes," ghost cities, and graves harking back to lost frontiers and pioneers among many other qualities are depicted interestingly enough by the author. She has truly said: "It is a place for the ghost of things."

On the other hand, the author reminds us in the words of a Spanish legend: "In the far desert there is peace and tranquillity." Death and glories of nature are not always far apart. In many respects, as this book indicates, Death Valley is "a vast geological museum," providing study materials not only for the geologist but also for students of botany and zoology. In the evenings "opalescent mountains, which all day glowed like coals in the sunshine, fade into a blue forgetfulness."

Occasionally Margaret Long shows flashes of work well-done. However, the book would not lead one into a protracted revolution against the luxuries of Morpheus. By and large, *The Shadow of the Arrow* is only a prose elaboration of a road map and a very chronological diary.

THE BALLAD TREE: British and American Ballads, their Folklore, Verse, and Music

By Evelyn Kendrick Wells. The Ronald Press, New York. 1950. 370 pages, illustrated. $4.50.

It is unusual to find something new under the literary sun, yet this book is exactly that. Writings on balladry are numerous; e.g. Gordon Hall Gerould's *The Ballad of Tradition* has been the outstanding one on the folk ballad. This latest volume will surpass it because it offers additional treatment of the essential role that folk music plays in the study of such poetry, and mostly because *The Ballad Tree* is paradoxically popular scholarship—broad in appeal, well-rounded in value.

Miss Wells' work is illumined by her close touch with ballad scholars in Britain and this country, plus her own original research among ballad singers. Interwoven are stories of collectors' difficulties and rare luck. You feel warmly the personality of the author, her intense interest in and appreciation of her material. Effective transitions give continuity to the 16 chapters, but any one can be enjoyed singly. Academic tone (she is Assoc. Prof. of English at Wellesley College) is gratifyingly lacking in this book by one who has taught, lectured, and written on this subject of short stories in individualized song. Her wealth of comment on the texts and tunes of numerous ballads as sung traditionally in the last fifty years in England and America tells us practically everything known about ballads past and present.

Special folk ballad topics here include Historical, Border Raid, and Romantic Ballads. The chapter on Reflections of the Supernatural has the most charm, with Christian Elements next in interest, and Ballad and Nursery delightful. Chronological handling of Theories of Origin, Minstrel and Broadside, English Revival and Bishop Percy, Scottish Revival and Sir Walter Scott, is climaxed with separate treatment of the unusual contributions of Francis James Child in establishing reliable texts, and of Cecil Sharp in determining authentic musical settings. A notable feature is American Folk Songs and Singers, especially in the Southern Appalachians and the Pioneer Southwest.

Two shortcomings are wisely avoided in *The Ballad Tree.* The true ballad comes from folk tradition and not from the art of literature. Ballads live because they remain in the oral tradition of a people. Commendable, accordingly, is Prof. Wells' constant reminder that a ballad divorced from its music and placed in a book is merely the printed record and insufficient. To prevent such incompleteness in her collection, she prints at appropriate intervals 60 traditional ballads with their tunes. Brief but apt is the presentation of Some Characteristics of Folk Tunes, particularly the modal scales. Changing standards of recording and transcribing the music are explained.

The other dilemma avoided here is the confusion of art or literary ballad as differentiated from popular or folk ballad. A product of the

romantic movement, the art ballad is a conscious attempt by some literary person to imitate the form and spirit of the natural ballad. Now, the form may be duplicated with skill, but the spirit is almost inevitably alien to a modern writer. This book devotes its final chapter to the Literary Ballad, together with an appendix of 10 good examples thereof.

Carefully indexed and with a provocative bibliography, *The Ballad Tree* is a comprehensive and scholarly treatment, written in lively and often picturesque style, using the ballad as a mirror of folk culture through successive stages of oral transmission, with just the right balance between the historical, literary, and musical aspects of this highly specialized phase of anthropology. We recommend it for pleasure and profit. "As long as men love a story and their senses respond to the rhythm of sound and movement, the ballad tree, rooted in the past, living today, will send forth its branches into tomorrow."

HERBERT H. UMBACH

HEREDITY EAST AND WEST: Lysenko and World Science

By Julian Huxley. Henry Schuman, New York, 1949. 246 pages. $3.00.

THE study of heredity (genetics) became the storm center of science when, in 1948, Russian biologists were officially informed that the only permissible doctrine in this field is that changes in heredity are brought about through the inheritance of acquired characteristics. This is directly antagonistic to neo-Mendelism, which is generally accepted among biologists in the rest of the world. In his thoroughly documented book Huxley, who is at home in the field of genetics, presents the issues involved in as simple and clear language as possible. He draws the historical and factual backgrounds of the controversy, takes up the specific scientific question, and then discusses the most important point at issue, namely the situation in the light of the accepted principles of science. The decision to declare neo-Lamarckism as upheld by Lysenko the orthodox doctrine in Russia was not made by scientists but by the Central Committee of the Communist Party and was then imposed on the scientists. The reason given for this action was that the most important principle in any science is the party principle, in other words, that science must be made to conform, not to facts but to the teachings of dialectical materialism. Evidently this procedure is in direct opposition of all that modern science has stood for.

So far Huxley has rendered a valuable service by clarifying and characterizing what has taken place in Russia. But he does not let it go at that. Since communism provides a common ideology for those who are under its sway, he proposes that the Western world develop something of the same nature, and he believes "that only some kind of dynamic or evolutionary humanism will suffice," the theoretical and philosophical background for this to be worked

out by scientists. To impress this ideology, government would "embark on a large scale and comprehensive official scientific policy" and dictate "a scientific curriculum throughout all stages of education" which would inculcate the official ideology. In this connection "it can legitimately *do everything in its power* [our italics] to check superstition, to combat unscientific or anti-scientific attitudes of mind and to promote an understanding of scientific method, and of its value and importance." Government must, in these activities, fully respect the freedom of science and, in fact, "leave all essentially scientific decisions in the hands of men of science," which we understand to mean that scientists would point out what is the proper "official scientific policy" to be adopted and carried out by the government. So in the West scientists (and that, with Huxley, means neo-Mendelian Darwinians) would dictate their ideology to and through the government whereas in Russia the government dictates its ideology to the scientists.

What is meant by the superstitions and unscientific and anti-scientific attitudes which Huxley would have the state "do everything in its power to check" it is not hard to guess. They are, in the first line, the belief in revealed religion and all that goes with it. Huxley has gone completely gaga on naturalism and Darwinism. He writes, "Probably not one [neo-Mendelian] would believe in the divine origin of the world of living things as they exist today, whether through special creation or through a supernatural control of the process of evolution." How this would affect the "scientific ideology" is clear.—Huxley has us puzzled when he says, "Life is a process, the process that is technically styled organic evolution." If that makes any sense, technically or otherwise, we have not been able to find it.

We are in debt to Huxley for clearly exposing and analyzing the regimentation of thought in the Soviet Union, but we repudiate with all earnestness his proposal that we accept a similar regimentation in the name of science.

History

THE DRIVING POWER OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION: The Christian Revolution of the Middle Ages

By Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy. The Beacon Press, Boston. 120 pages.

THIS little volume is a collection of studies on revolutions by the productive German scholar Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy. They present neither a detailed, scholarly study of certain revolutions—imperial, papal, Luther's, Cromwell's, the Jacobins, or the Bolsheviks—nor an inclusive survey of the significance of these revolutions in the pattern of Western culture. In the first chapter he points to some important facets of the later revolutions—their identification, territorially, with a given country, their limitation to one class of men, their later impact on neighboring countries, etc. In the second and third chapters he centers his

attention on the "Christian Revolution of the Middle Ages," especially the Cluniac reform and the revolt of the papacy against the empire: he points to the novelty of universal justice as embodied in the imperial institution and All Souls and the significance of universal jurisdiction as claimed in the papal revolution.

The strength of the book consists more in the profound insights of a mature scholar rather than, as the editor of this Seeds-of-Thought series, Karl W. Deutsch, suggests, in a panoramic treatment like Toynbee's. It must be said, however, that the author's emphasis on the regenerative character of these outbursts in Western society during the last millennium is a salutary one.

These chapters were first published in the author's *Out of Revolution: Autobiography of Western Man.* One may question the wisdom of republishing them as a separate volume: certainly they might have been reworked, made more readable, and certain inconsistencies removed. As it is, the trend of thought is obscure at points and the whole book shows an unevenness of quality.

ERNEST B. KOENKER

The percentage of mere syntax masquerading as meaning may vary from something like 100 per cent in political writers, psychologists, and economists, to something like forty per cent in the writers of children's stories.

C. S. LEWIS

Measured against the ages "mere Christianity" turns out to be no insipid inter-denominational transparency, but something positive, self-consistent, and inexhaustible. I know it, indeed, to my cost. In the days when I still hated Christianity, I learned to recognize, like some all too familiar smell, that almost unvarying *something* which met me, now in Puritan Bunyan, now in Anglican Hooker, now in Thomist Dante.

C. S. LEWIS

The READING ROOM

By THOMAS COATES

Theological Education in America

GENERAL MACARTHUR made a statement of historic significance when, in accepting the Japanese surrender in Tokyo Bay five years ago, he declared that the principal problem confronting the work of our day is a theological problem. To put it simply, men must become right with God.

Granting the truth of this observation – and who will be so brash or so blind as to deny it?– the task of the theological seminary today assumes an especially great importance. The solution of the theological problem demands the true understanding of the nature and task of theology, and its proper application to the needs of men. The theological seminary must imbue its students with that understanding, and guide them toward the right application.

How are the theological seminaries of America measuring up to this responsibility? *The Christian Century* devoted one of its recent issues to an appraisal of the problem, summoning three of America's leading younger theologians to contribute their answers to the question.

Liston Pope, dean of the Yale Divinity School, writes of the "Dilemmas of the Seminaries." Noting the recent upsurge in seminary enrollments–as a result of the impact of the war upon the thinking of many young men–Dean Pope cites the conflict of "quality vs. quantity" as one of the major problems confronting the seminaries. Not only does an increased enrollment add to the financial burden of the seminary (for it is a well-known fact that tuition charges seldom if ever meet the costs of higher education), but the faculty-student ratio becomes higher. And the higher the ratio (anything in excess of ten students to each instructor is undesirable), the more impersonal becomes the faculty-student relationship, and the more remote become the opportunities for personal counselling and for the development of the specific apti-

tudes of the individual student.

Another dilemma is the relation of the seminary program to the needs of the churches. Dr. Pope writes:

> The dilemma arises from the fact that seminaries are expected to train men realistically *and* idealistically—to prepare them for services to the churches as they are, and for transformation of the churches into what they ought to be.

A Relevant Ministry

THE same concern is expressed by Dr. John Oliver Nelson, director of the commission of the ministry of the Federal Council of Churches, in his article, "Trends Toward a Relevant Ministry." Dr. Nelson is worried about the fact that too many seminaries are still encumbered with traditionalism and archaism. For example:

> In many, the philosophic rationale of Marxism is completely unknown—during an age when Marxism is the most articulate opponent of the Christian faith.

At the same time, he is encouraged by the fact that during the past twenty years, many seminaries have arrived at a new sense of realism with regard to the approach to theological problems and the needs of the churches today.

> The trend cannot accurately be called "liberal," for in many instances it reflects a new, conscious conservatism. Often changes have been based upon surveys of what ministers actually do in their parishes, and have appeared as pioneer experiments in curriculum.

Among these trends, Dr. Nelson notes the enrichment of the seminary curriculum by the addition of abundant personal counseling, field work, and practical courses "that will let him discover what the ministry involves, who the man of God is today, and what branches and specialization he must choose as he looks ahead."

Dr. Nelson does not disparage the historic theological curriculum, but emphasizes the importance of relating these courses to the contemporary situation. The outcome must be not abstract scholarship, or mere academic proficiency, but a "faith that works," and a ministry that knows how to deal with people where they are and as they are.

It is interesting to note that the writer observes a new awareness of the importance of doctrine, with the function of the sermon being recognized more clearly as means for doctrinal teaching, rather than as an exercise in forensics, or as an occasion for a book review. A concomitant of this renewed doctrinal emphasis is a new stress upon worship—as to both content and techniques.

In Retrospect

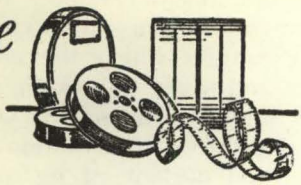
Robert E. Luccock, young Congregational pastor of New Haven, Conn., contributes the third article in this symposium, under the title, "Seminary in Retrospect." In general, Pastor Luccock is satisfied with, and grateful for the "chart and compass" which the theological school provided him for "sailing the pastoral seas," since his graduation nine years ago.

The seminary, he grants, failed to give him certain things, the most serious deficiency being in the field of practical training for the parish ministry. He deplores the absence of any instruction in church finance, public relations, administration, or personal counseling. The solution he feels, is "a year of field counseling after graduation,"or at least a term of clinical experience.

On the credit side of the ledger, Mr. Luccock credits the seminary with enormously aiding his spiritual development, and "the solid foundations of faith upon which to build." It gave him, moreover, "a fundamental respect for the church and an appreciation of the witness which the churches can and ought to make in a secular world." Any seminary which makes such a contribution to the life and outlook of its students, we should say, has amply justified its existence.

Your columnist recently concluded a survey of theological education in the Lutheran Church. His findings in large measure coincide with those of the writers in THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY. A fundamental difference, of course, is that the Lutheran conception of the nature and task of theology is more sharply defined and more firmly rooted in Scripture than is the case elsewhere in Protestantism

This much is clear: Christian theology alone offers an eternal solution for every contemporary need. To present this solution clearly and convincingly, is the great task of the theological seminary in equipping men for today's ministry.

The  Motion Picture

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

HAVE you ever had a day-dream? I feel sure that at one time or another everybody has. I believe, too, that most of us have carelessly dismissed our day-dreams as idle, undirected thoughts—as thoughts which had no special meaning or significance.

The authors of *Movies: A Psychological Study* (The Free Press, Glencoe, Illinois. 1950. 316 pages. Illustrated. $4.00) take a more serious view of day-dreams and day-dreaming. In the introduction to their book Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites declare:

> Day-dreams contain clues to deeper-lying, less articulate aspirations, fears and wishes . . . Everyone has his own characteristic way of patterning his day-dreams, his favorite themes that come up over and over again. These day-dreams are not merely escapes from the routines of daily life. They represent a working-over of emotional problems, conflicts of love and hate which find in these imaginary careers a variety of solutions.

Wolfenstein and Leites point out that groups which share a common culture are likely to have certain day-dreams in common and that the common day-dreams of a culture are in part the sources and in part the products of its popular myths, stories, plays, and films. They say, "In this book we have looked at contemporary American films to see what are the recurrent day-dreams which enter into the consciousness of millions of movie-goers."

One hundred and sixty American films and a number of British and French productions—released over a four-year period—are examined and analyzed by Wolfenstein and Leites. If the conclusions drawn by the eminent authors are correct, I should say that America and Americans are sadly in need of a new set of day-dreams and a new pattern for day-dreaming.

But is it fair, or sound, to assume that the films which have been analyzed in *Movies* correctly measure the length, breadth, and

depth of our culture? I, for one, am not convinced that this group of films—which, incidentally, does not include some of the best pictures released during the period under discussion—offers a proper psychological yardstick with which to measure the manners and *mores* of our day or of our nation. It seems to me that the authors have tried to plumb the ocean with a pudding-string. *Movies* contains a fair share of hard common sense and a lot of highfalutin' nonsense. In spite of repetitiousness and contradictions, which sometimes make for dull reading, anyone who is seriously interested in one of the great mediums for mass entertainment in our day will want to become acquainted with *Movies*. The kernels of grain hidden among the chaff may be harvested with profit by the reader, and the chaff itself provides a stimulating irritant.

Approach with caution! This is the warning which automatically flashes in my mind when I enter a theater nowadays. Will the picture I am about to see fall into the "Lovers and Loved Ones" category? Will it belong to the classification titled "Parents and Children"? Or "Killers and Victims"? Or "Performers and Onlookers?" These are the four classifications discussed by Wolfenstein and Leites in *Movies*.

The Men (United Artists, Fred Zinnemann) does not fall into any neatly labeled classification. This is a stark, deeply moving reminder of the immeasurable cost of that monstrous thing which we call war. To make this tense and stirring film, Producer Stanley Kramer took his cameras right into the paraplegic section of Birmingham Veterans Hospital at Van Nuys, California. Mr. Kramer, Script-writer Carl Foreman, and Director Fred Zinnemann spent several weeks at the hospital making friends with the veterans and observing the methods of treatment carried out under the supervision of Dr. Ernest Bors, chief of the paraplegic section. Marlon Brando, the Broadway actor who plays the leading role in the picture with magnificent artistry, lived for a month in the paraplegic ward. He studied and shared the curtailed activities of men whose bodies are hopelessly paralyzed from the waist down.

Only the principal characters in *The Men* are professional actors. Bonafide war casualties make up the supporting cast. In published news stories Mr. Zinnemann told reporters that he knew that only real paraplegics could give the picture the authenticity he wanted to achieve. The real paraplegics, he said, made jokes about their condition. These jokes were gen-

uine, and they sound genuine in the film. Coming from actors merely playing at being paralyzed, Mr. Zinnemann declared, these same jokes would have been in poor taste and would have sounded "horrible."

The Men mirrors the loneliness, bitterness, heartbreak, and despair of young men who have been cut off from a normal way of life. But there is humor, too, and hope and courage. There is a cheerful acceptance and a quiet resignation, more touching than any amount of weeping and wailing, as well as a fierce will to salvage something out of the wreckage. *The Men* is a fine film. It is simple, forthright, and dignified. The acting is superb, and Mr. Zinnemann's masterful direction underscores the fact that he must be ranked with the best directors in the industry.

Panic in the Streets (20th Century-Fox, Elia Kazan) clearly falls into the "Killers and Victims" category. An unknown immigrant Armenian is murdered in an alley in New Orleans. Routine police procedure follows until an autopsy reveals the fact that the murdered man was a carrier of pneumonic plague—the worst form of the dreaded Black Death of the Middle Ages. The Public Health Service warns the police that the murderer himself may be infected with the deadly bacilli and that he must be found at all costs. *Panic in the Streets* brilliantly portrays the intensive and complicated search for the murderer and for anyone who may have come in contact with him or with his victim. This is a colorful, exciting, well-made film. The acting of the members of an unusually well-chosen cast is excellent. Elia Kazan's direction is vigorous, imaginative, and finely polished.

For weeks advance publicity blurbs advertised *711 Ocean Drive* (Columbia) as a daring exposé of the big-time gambling syndicates recently under investigation by a special Senate committee. No doubt many movie-goers fully expected to see a "daring and dangerous exposé." Their expectations were heightened when, in a brief foreword, a U.S. Senator endorsed the film as an honest picture which could be a tremendous factor in informing the public of the scope and the power of the gambling syndicates. Then came the let-down. Actually *711 Ocean Drive* is little more than a standard gangster picture. There are two slight variations, but nothing which can be interpreted as either dangerous or daring.

Broken Arrow (20th Century-Fox, Delmer Daves) is based on Elliott Arnold's book, *Blood Brother.* Only a fragment of Mr. Arnold's long novel has been used by the script-writers, but the au-

thor's underlying plea for a better understanding of our native Americans has been woven into the film. Magnificent technicolor photography, exciting action scenes, and a suspense-filled plot make *Broken Arrow* superior entertainment. James Stewart and Jeff Chandler are outstanding in a good cast. Mr. Daves directs the production with a deft hand.

Robert Louis Stevenson's adventure story, *Treasure Island,* has not lost its appeal in this day of scientific miracles. Youngsters from six to sixty loudly cheered Walt Disney's colorful screen version of the perennially popular novel. *Treasure Island* (Walt Disney, RKO-Radio), the first picture Mr. Disney has made with "live" actors, was filmed in England with an all-male cast. Bobby Driscoll is excellent as the boy Jim Hawkins, and Robert Newton is properly ingratiating and properly villainous in the role of Long John Silver. The technicolor photography is superb. The London Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of Muir Mathieson, plays the special score written by Clifton Parker.

There is plenty of "derring-do" in *The Flame and the Arrow* (Warners), a thrill-packed technicolor production starring Burt Lancaster. This is unadulterated hokum played with tongue in cheek and with a twinkle in the eye, as it were.

The Eagle and the Hawk (Paramount) tells in pedestrian fashion how two American spies foiled a foreign power's deep-laid plot to invade Texas during the troubled Civil War days.

Three Little Words (M-G-M) stars Fred Astaire, Red Skelton, and Vera-Ellen in a gay but undistinguished song-and-dance picture.

The Duchess of Idaho (M-G-M) is one of those silly, frothy concoctions known in the trade as "summer fare." I suppose producers feel that air-conditioning offers ample compensation.

Although a novel variation is woven into the plot, *Where the Sidewalk Ends* (20th Century-Fox) is only mildly entertaining.

Verse

Shadows Seen at Dusk

The fingers dusk makes broad and dark
Are stealing slowly through the park,
Brushing the fading hours away.
An angry sun is fleeing day

Shadows are making ever harder
The fight to keep well filled the larder
Of faith that holds me to the road
On which I carry my life's load.

Shadows will claim my flesh and bone
And reach beyond the small head-stone
That marks the scene where death's descent
Clothes shoulders burdens have long bent.

They'll hide my harried, wearied soul
And make unknown its ultimate goal
Till heaven judges right or wrong
The roads my life has travelled along.

Harold C. Brown.

Rahab

A flaxen cord as scarlet as her past,
Lowering strangers from the enemy
Into the night; and she who knowingly
Had aided spies, a traitor, stood aghast
Between two terrors. Can anyone outcast
Defy the law, perhaps more easily
Than approbation seekers? Or did she
For fear, seek life when they returned at last?

The ones who know they sin turn first to God
When told of Him, and He uses their faith
To alter kingdoms, and to change and leaven
The course of souls that Satan's path have trod:
Thus she, who by her actions deserved death,
Received both life on earth and life in heaven.

—Wanda Burch Goines

Mary of Bethany Speaks to Her Lord

Now each thing falls into its proper place;
All questions, doubts, and fears have gone away,
And quietly, as dawn flows into day,
Thy peace and strength have come into my face.
I look with pity on my struggling race:
The blind and willing slave to sin; the prey
Of each false doctrine, fad, and rumor; gray
With indecision; plunged toward Death's embrace.
Yet Lord, this One Thing that I understand
So clearly marks the darkness from the light—
Thou placed the Perfect Measure in my hand:
I would not hoard this Truth, Thy love and might—
Take Thou my life. Use it as Thou hast planned
That more may have Thy gracious gift of Sight.

WANDA BURCH GOINES

To Jochebed

How fiercely do you guard your baby by day
And suckle him all night, lest he should cry
And that small sound bring death to him, to slay
Your love-work of a year, and all hope die.
Hold close your own; in awe recall the rest
That Abram sought in Egypt long ago,
That welcomed Jacob's sons, and Israel blessed
When Joseph was as mighty as Pharaoh.
And yet this land you dread, this bloody Nile
Shall be a refuge for another Son
Borne by His mother, angel-guarded, while
Another fear-crazed king kills tiny ones.
But peace, yours shall not die: God hears your plea;
Your son was *born* to set His people free!

WANDA BURCH GOINES

No Moment

There is no moment so lovely
you must yearn
For it with tears. Why wish
to return
To some faded image of
youthful joy,
Much-remembered, memory-worn:
a childhood toy
Beyond reach, lost in the
separating years
By the Mother Heart of God?
Your tears
Only cloud the certain truth
and promise
Of a greater, happier life,
endless
In the World to Come. That
fleeting moment,
A tantalizing taste of Heaven,
was sent
To stay your appetite for
bitter earth, to
Fire your faith with hope-filled
dreams. Ah, then, for you
He said: "Behold, I make all things new!"

ROBERT CHARLES SAUER

Fugue by Bach: Faricy at the Harpsichord

When shall we hear this Fugue again,
With Faricy's fingers lightly playing
The flowering bells' *alleluias* and *amen?*

The soft crescendos lift with hidden
Sighings, their silver echoes straying—
(When shall we hear this Fugue again?)

Swift rivulets of cadence hasten
To break the spell of silence, while obeying
The flowering bells' *allelulias* and *amen.*

Clear and sweet and frosty, the chiming rises, when
In Bach's carillon the bells are saying
"When shall we hear this Fugue again?"

Lest all be lost, when grace notes, light as aspen
With leaves of glass, shiver and wake, betraying
The flowering bells' *alleluias* and *amen—*

Let these small lyric voices ascend, to open
Heaven's high sanctuary with psalms and praying,
Where through eternity we shall hear again
The flowering bells' *alleluias* and *amen.*

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

Readers of the CRESSET should be interested in a new book which is scheduled to come off the press any day now. Its title is "Christmas Garland" and it is an anthology of the best Christmas writing that has appeared in this magazine during the past ten years.

The book will run something more than 200 pages and will be available in a few weeks. Orders should be sent to the Walther League, 875 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Illinois. The price has not yet been definitely set but will be kept at the lowest possible level so that many of our readers will be able to purchase the book. It is our honest belief that the heart of what we have had to say in this past decade is included in the pages of this book, for somehow all of our thinking has, directly or indirectly, started at a manger in Bethlehem and ended outside Jerusalem.

Next month, we shall present the first of several articles by a gifted French writer, A. R. Caltofen, who has just gotten back into the swing of his writing career after a long interruption forced upon him by the war during which he was interned in a German concentration camp. His themes are drawn from the day-to-day lives of the "little people" of his own country and the Iberian peninsula and are written with a warmth and affection which, to us, demonstrate that even under the worst brutality man can, if he wishes to, remain kind and gentle and decent.

Our feature writers this month are both old friends of the CRESSET audience. Louis Baldwin is professor of English at DePaul University. Walter Riess, who last Spring completed his theological training at Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, has just accepted the editorship of the *Detroit Lutheran*.

Incidentally, our most durable reviewer, Miss Roberta Ihde, has greatly strengthened her literary background by marrying a Johns Hopkins graduate student in English. After a short leave of absence to permit her to get a Baltimore apartment in order, she will be back on the reviewing staff as Mrs. Alfred Donsbach.